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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—*Speaking the truth in love.*

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Au Courant.

THE Stratford Musical Festival this year was artistically quite as successful as its predecessors. Some of the best things, however, came at the end, when the adjudicators delivered their verdicts. Mr. W. H. Cummings, for example, offered five guineas for the next year's festival to the choir-conductor who will best conduct *himself*. The idea is excellent. It has been rightly said that true art is the concealment of art; and the conductor in these days makes a great deal too much outward show. The man who is the best conductor does most of his work in rehearsal, and when before the public he lets them know as little about it as possible. Mr. Cummings, too, had to warn some of his solo singers on the matter of facial expression; and of course he pointed his moral with a story. A young lady who was learning to sing used to make very dreadful faces, and the professor once asked her, "Excuse me, Miss, but do you ever look at yourself in the glass?" She said, "No, I don't." And the professor earnestly replied, "Then don't do it; it would be very dreadful; you would never survive it." Mr. Betjemann, who had charge of the competition for stringed instruments, did well to protest against the abuse of the *vibrato* by young players. Some of the candidates' hands while playing were "shaking as with the palsy." It seemed too much like a burlesque on the human voice.

It is a pleasure to learn that after all the directors of the Scottish Orchestra Company will carry on their concerts during next season. The amount of subscriptions received, while yet not quite sufficient to secure financial success, has been encouraging; and this, together with the many favourable opinions which have been expressed, has influenced the directors in their decision. In the interests of the art in Scotland it is a welcome decision, and one may express the hope that the lamentable disagreements which have existed in Glasgow since Mr. Manns' retirement will now take end. There is nothing to be gained by keeping up a feeling of resentment against those who were responsible for the discourtesy to Mr. Manns. On the contrary there is much to be lost, for if the malcontents continue to hold aloof, it will certainly mean the collapse, sooner or later, of the entire orchestral scheme.

ALL players of stringed instruments, who have not already done so, should make a pilgrimage to 38, New Bond Street, and inspect a case exhibited in the music room of Messrs. W.

E. Hill & Son's establishment. This case contains a collection of "bridges," to the number of about forty for stringed instruments, designed and executed by Mr. W. E. Hill, between his seventy-fifth and seventy-eighth year. The workmanship is little less than marvellous, seeing that only three ordinary knives, which are shown in the case, were used in the execution of the work. Some have most beautiful ornamental designs, others complicated monograms displayed on them. Any one interested or accomplished in the use of tools should certainly see these works of art.

OUR musical institutions have been in luck lately. Mr. George Mence Smith, the successful oilman, has followed the example of several predecessors, and has left the sum of £1,000 to the Royal Society of Musicians, and £1,000 to found a scholarship in his name at the R.A.M. In addition to this, Madame Julia Lennox, the contralto singer, receives a legacy of £2,000; and Mr. John Hedley, so long known as the chief superintendent of the Royal Choral Society, is remembered to the extent of £1,000. Mr. Smith, who was a self-made man, was an enthusiastic musical amateur, and was the willing and generous helper of many a young artist. For many years he was voluntary organist at Bexley Heath Chapel, Kent.

SIEGFRIED WAGNER, in one respect at least, does not seem to be the son of his father. He recently conducted with great success at Vienna a grand concert of the Philharmonic Society. At the close, a speech of congratulation was addressed to him by one of the assembled musicians. It was of course expected that he would reply to it, but he simply showed signs of confusion and remained silent. At the instance of Hans Richter, however, he was induced to stammer out a few words of thanks. His timidity, not altogether to be condemned, is somewhat surprising in a son of the composer of *Lohengrin*, who, as is well known, had a marked partiality for public speaking, and was loquacious in the extreme.

In a recent number of the *Windsor Magazine*, which is giving special attention to musical people, there is an account of an interview with Miss Marian Mackenzie, the popular contralto, in the course of which the lady says:—"I think one of the most sincere compliments I ever had paid me was on one occasion when I was singing in Scotland. I had been asked to sing in a certain town, but when I stated my terms, the secretary wrote back and said they were very sorry, but

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they could not afford to pay me so much as I had asked, and he named a lower figure. As I should be singing quite close to this town only the day before, I agreed to take the sum they named. The concert was a great success, and when the worthy secretary paid me my fee he gravely handed me the sum I had originally asked, remarking, 'Don't say a word, I ken ye're worth it.' I shall not doubt the veracity of the story; but I do not believe that the secretary of any society that would be likely to engage Miss Mackenzie would talk mongrel Scotch. In the same number of the *Windsor* there is a capital portrait of Bernard Stavenhagen, who is playing in London this season. Stavenhagen leads an ideal life at Weimar. Every summer pupils flock to him from all parts of the country, and, like his master, Liszt, he gathers around him a congenial circle of young and rising pianists.

* * *

In the recently-published letters of Von Bülow (when shall we have an English translation?) there are many interesting pages describing the eccentric musician's studies with Liszt. It appears that the latter was in the habit of visiting Bülow's parents when Bülow was quite a little fellow. Once when the eminent virtuoso had promised to play at a neighbour's house he refused to begin until the boy had been dragged out of bed and brought over. Madame Bülow was opposed to her son's wish to become a musician, and it was at the instance of Wagner and Liszt that Bülow, at the age of twenty, openly defied the good lady. Wagner first took him in hand at Zurich for opera-conducting; then at Weimar Liszt, as he tells us, "devoted two consecutive hours once a week to supervising my piano-practice." After hearing Liszt play repeatedly, Bülow wrote to his mother that he had now received, by contrast, an object-lesson, showing the faults of his own playing, namely, "a degree of amateurish uncertainty, a certain angularity and lack of freedom of conception which I must get rid of; modern things in particular I must play more arbitrarily, and learn, after mastering the technical difficulties, to let myself follow the impulse of the moment, which will not be apt to be misleading if one has talent." In another place he says: "What I lack is the *chic* of a *virtuoso*—the external but more than superficial brilliancy of style." Again: "I played a few pieces for Liszt. His criticisms related to a very necessary precision and definiteness of rhythm, and a certain *aplomb*, the lack of which was, however, due in part to my nervousness." Like most great artists, Bülow was a victim of what the Americans call stage-fever. In one place he refers to "the abominable fright which prevented me from playing as well as I can play." But is not nervousness inseparable from the artistic temperament?

* * *

AFTER completing his studies with Liszt, Bülow gave concerts in Vienna, Berlin, Buda-Pesth, and many other cities. His artistic success was everywhere admitted, but he was twenty-five years old before his recitals began to pay. His poverty was often so great that he could afford only one or two meals a day. In Vienna, his apartment was so small that there was hardly room in it for a bed and a piano. To secure funds for further concerts, he accepted a position as private teacher for the daughters of a Polish Count. Subsequently he became professor at Kullak's Conservatoire in Berlin; but in spite of the handsome salary of £45 a year, for nine lessons a week, he soon found this position a burden, and resented it.

concerts. The success which came to him will be described in his later letters, which we are to have in the autumn.

* * *

A WRITER in *Success* lets us into the secret of Mr. Edward Lloyd's constancy in the matter of keeping his engagements. It seems that the eminent tenor once had a lesson in unpunctuality which has lasted him until the present time, and is likely to last him a good deal longer. Mr. Lloyd was travelling on tour with Madame Liebhart, and being tired after a long journey, he lay down to rest for a short time before going to the performance. Madame Liebhart did the same, and the consequence was they both fell asleep. They were timed to sing a duet at the concert-hall at 8 o'clock, but at five minutes past the hour were discovered—by a messenger who had been sent to say the audience were waiting—still calmly slumbering. Being awakened, the musicians flew helter-skelter to the hall, where they arrived fifteen minutes late, and so out of breath that they could scarcely get through their duet. The same story has been told of other singers, but it will fit Mr. Lloyd as well as any one else.

* * *

PROFESSIONAL etiquette in organ-grinding circles seems to be extremely exacting in some respects. It insists that any agreement, under which one grinder binds himself to abstain from poaching on the preserves of a brother grinder shall be religiously observed. To break such a compact is an unforgivable crime, and English methods of punishment are totally inadequate to satisfy Italian feeling on the subject. Such breaches of the rule occur occasionally in provincial towns, where the wandering minstrels are wont to settle down for a season or two. Hence the presence of two members of the grinding fraternity in Leicester, namely Signor Rossell and Signor Palladino. They had been sworn friends up to a recent date, and then a rupture occurred when Palladino found his brother professional playing in one of his streets. Palladino thereupon "went for" the trespasser, and when the fight was over, he found that a large portion of his nose was missing! Signor Rossell has accordingly been passed on to the Quarter Sessions by the Leicester magistrates.

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MR. J. F. R. STAINER, Hon. Sec. of the Pauer Testimonial Committee, has issued the following circular, which I have pleasure in printing:

Professor Ernst Pauer is, we understand, about to retire from the musical profession, and leave England. During the forty-five years of his distinguished career in this country, he has made numerous and warm friends, who wish to perpetuate his name by founding an Exhibition at the Royal College of Music. With this object a committee has been formed with H.R.H. Prince Christian as chairman, and Sir George Grove, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir John Stainer, and others on the executive. Donations may be sent to the Treasurer, Charles Morley, Esq., M.P., 46, Bryanston Square, London, W., or to the Hon. Sec., J. F. R. Stainer, Esq., 6, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.

Professor Pauer very sensibly objected to a personal testimonial, and it is therefore intended to found an exhibition in his name at the Royal College of Music. The committee entrusted with the testimonial includes a large number of well-known names, and the matter will, no doubt, reach a successful issue.

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THAT harmless body, the Union of Graduates in Music, of which no one ever hears, had its fourth annual meeting recently, Sir John Stainer being in the chair. Mr. T. L. Southgate, a bank clerk and a dabbler in music, is—not being a “graduate”—very appropriately secretary of this concern. At the meeting he boasted that during the past year he had received several requests for information as to the genuineness of the degrees used by applicants for certain posts. “Some of these enquiries,” he went on, “have come from our Colonies and America, as well as from persons in England, seeking for verification of the titles assumed by these applicants. It would therefore appear that the value of the Union is being recognised by the outside public, as well as by those in authority at our musical institutions and important public schools.” The “outside public,” it may safely be said, know nothing whatever of Mr. Southgate’s society; and for the rest I should like to know what right Mr. Southgate has to determine privately the fitness or unfitness of a candidate for any post? A man may have taken his Mus. Bac. degree from Trinity College, Toronto, and be, in every respect, a capable musician. Yet the Union of Graduates ignores his right to use the title, and probably does all in its power to prevent him getting an appointment on the strength of it. We might as well have a trade union at once.

* * *

THE cry is still they come! Another marvellous juvenile prodigy has appeared at Vienna—in some respects more marvellous than any of her predecessors. Paula Szalit, a Polish girl of nine, not only plays Bach and all the classics down to Mendelssohn, but extemporizes with great skill on any given theme, or in the style of any composer suggested to her. Dr. Hänslich, as I read, testifies to her excellent Bach-playing; her feeling for rhythm is quite extraordinary. There is a story that Brahms, who was greatly impressed by Paula’s marvellous talent, told the child a little tale, and that she forthwith sat down to the piano and extemporized a musical version of it.

* * *

ANOTHER story is told of Brahms and little Hubermann, the young prodigy violinist, who has lately been creating a sensation in Vienna. Brahms heard the lad play his violin concerto, and, after congratulating him most heartily, invited the little fellow to call on him next day, which he was, of course, delighted to do. The composer wrote a few bars of the concerto in the boy’s album, with the words—“To the talented violin-virtuoso, Bronislaw Hubermann, in memory of his delighted and grateful listener, Johannes Brahms.” Hubermann ventured to beg the composer to write a violin-fantasia for him. “Ah,” said Brahms, laughing, “my fancy has vanished long ago, but if ever it should happen to me to get it back again, I will write a fantasia for you.” This story is more likely to be true than the other.

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Is it possible that any one really suggested an equestrian statue as a Manchester memorial of Sir Charles Hallé? Beethoven on a bicycle would not be a bit more ridiculous. Fortunately, the idea, whoever originated it, has been rejected. It has been resolved to purchase Hallé’s library for the benefit of Manchester, Bradford and Liverpool, to found free scholarships at Manchester Royal College, and to erect a portrait or bust in the Town Hall.

* * *

AND, by the way, speaking of Hallé, a very charming story about Sir Charles is going the round of the Continental Press. One evening the deceased musician was walking home when he saw a very drunken postman vainly endeavouring to get through his duty. The musical knight quickly grasped the situation, and realized that were the postman to be seen by an official he must lose his situation. Thereupon Sir Charles seized the bag, and himself delivered the whole of the contents, thus saving the postman from being ignominiously evicted from his office. The story is good: is it true?

* * *

SOMEBODY proposes that the English musical public should erect a monument to the memory of that grotesque humbug, M. Jullien. The “Great Mons,” as *Punch* always called him, no doubt did do something for the art in his day, and, such as it is, he is entitled to the honour of having invented the Promenade Concert. His “Allied Armies’ Quadrille,” and “Havelock’s March,” and numerous other pieces of the same kind, struck the iron of popular excitement at the moment when it was hottest, and under their convoy Jullien managed to smuggle a great many excellent works into public favour. Had he been satisfied with the successes of the Promenade Concerts he might have become a rich man; but, in addition to a foolish operatic enterprise, he opened a music-selling business in Regent Street, which did not prosper, was involved in the unfortunate speculation connected with the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, and lost the whole of his music, the collection of sixteen years, in the fire at Covent Garden Theatre. He came to this country in 1840, and returned to Paris in 1859, to be confined there in a lunatic asylum—appropriate ending, as some cruel cynics have suggested, for such an erratic genius. But a monument to Jullien! No, no; Jullien’s only monument must be Jullien himself.

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By the way, Berlioz, who knew Jullien well, tells us in his memoirs how he was engaged by him to conduct the orchestra of a grand English opera which he had the wild ambition of establishing at Drury Lane. Jullien, “in his incontestable and uncontested character of madman,” had got together a splendid orchestra, a first-rate chorus, and a fair set of singers; he had forgotten nothing but the *répertoire*. He seriously proposed to Berlioz to get up *Robert le Diable* in six days, though he had neither copies, nor translation, nor dresses, nor scenery, and though the singers did not know a note of the music. When Berlioz declined, Jullien assembled his committee, and various operas were discussed. When it came to *Iphigénie in Tauride*, the committee, not knowing that opera, were at a loss what to say. Jullien, impatient at Berlioz’s silence, turned sharply round and said, “Why the devil don’t you speak? You must know it.” “Of course I know it, but the dresses, I fear, you will not think becoming. The Scythians and King Thoas are ragged savages on the shores of the Black Sea. Orestes and Pylades appear in the simple costume of two shipwrecked Greeks. Pylades alone has two dresses; he re-enters in the fourth act with a helmet on his head.” “A helmet!” cried Jullien, in a transport of delight. “We are saved! I shall order a gilt helmet from Paris, with a coronet of pearls and a tuft of ostrich feathers as long as my arm, and we shall have forty representations.” Needless to say, there was not one representation. Sims Reeves, who was in the company, laughed a good deal when the part of Pylades with the famous helmet was proposed to him.

NOTHING succeeds like success. The remark is more than applicable to the Steinway pianos; and I am glad to learn that the New York house of the Steinway firm has just received the honour of a special appointment as piano manufacturers to the King of Saxony. This, I believe, is the ninth warrant of appointment bestowed upon the firm by the Imperial and Royal Courts of Europe.

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tians, and he thought a "well-educated musical man" was not the man for a Christian place of worship. Certainly not, I would say, to work under such a body of modern Stigginses as the Blackburn Vestry seems to be. But what is the value of an organist's soul?

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The Prussian Medical Commission charged with the sanitary inspection of schools has published a very interesting report concerning the practice of singing in the schools, from the point of view of the hygiene of the voice. The custom of working the voices of children about six and seven years of age is condemned, as the extension of the voice at that age, either upwards or downwards, tends to alter the vocal chords, and in some cases to render them useless for future development. The Commission expresses the opinion that the vocal exercises of these young children should not extend beyond the middle of the voice.



Wagner Literature for Bayreuth Pilgrims.

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THOSE who contemplate attending the approaching Festival at Bayreuth may be glad of the titles of certain books that afforded much interest and pleasure to one who was present at the Festival there in 1894.

Of course the intending pilgrim will wish to read all he can of the life and character of the great composer, whose works are so admirably rendered at Bayreuth. For this purpose I can recommend no better book than "Wagner and his Works," by Finck. It consists of two large volumes, the reading therein being by no means dry. They contain much that will help the reader in a great measure to understand the peculiarities of Wagner's style, and the sources of his inspirations for his various operas. It is interesting to read in these pages how slowly that great genius developed; for Richard Wagner was no infant prodigy.

"Most prodigies are doomed to early oblivion. Modern science has shown that the higher an organism, the longer it requires to reach maturity, as we see, for example, by comparing man with lower animals. The fact that Wagner's genius matured slowly, might therefore be looked on as a presumption in his favour, rather than otherwise."

The charm of this book, is, I think, the wonderful insight it seems to give us into the great composer's character.

Little touches such as this:—

"It is related of Dickens and other famous authors that the characters drawn by their fancy became after a time so real to them that they laughed their laughs, and wept their tears.

"It was just so with Wagner. He confesses regarding Elsa and Lohengrin: 'I suffered actual deep grief—which often found vent in scalding tears—when I realized the inevitable tragic necessity of the separation, the destruction of the two lovers.'"

The author also admits us into many secrets of Wagner's method of stage-management, and of coaching his artists. For instance:

"The real Wagner is admirably revealed in two notices, which he posted behind the scenes, and in the mystic abyss:

"To the Singers.

"DISTINCTNESS: the large notes come of themselves; the small notes and their text are the main thing. *Never say anything to the public.* In monologues always look up or down, never straight ahead."

This, I may add is certainly a great distinguishing feature in the rendering of Wagner's operas at Bayreuth. There is much interesting detail about each individual opera in the volumes from which I have quoted, and I think that when they have been read, should time allow, the Wagner enthusiast will be inspired to read the "Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt." No. 41—a very long letter from Wagner to Liszt, is, I think, the most interesting and instructive as to the way in which Wagner liked his operas to be rendered. Space forbids me to quote more than a fragment from it:—

"Be firm and decisive in compelling the vocalists to sing what they take for recitatives in a determined, brisk tempo. It is especially by this treatment of the recitatives that the duration of the opera can be reduced, as I know by experience, by almost an hour."

Some lighter reading will doubtless be wanted as well, to pass the tedium of those weary hours in the train, which must be endured before Bayreuth is reached. One's mind will be so filled with the object of the journey, that I think even a *novel* that does not touch on Bayreuth or Wagner will seem out of place and wanting in interest. Fortunately, I know of two that will be found excellent travelling companions for the occasion. I will quote first from "A Bayreuth Pilgrimage," by Edith Cuthell, and let the reader judge for himself.

"We are thinking of going to the Wagner Festival, at Bayreuth," added Mrs. Urmston, raising her eyes to his.

"You! Oh, Lady!"

"You don't think us worthy?" cried Betty.

"You don't think I should understand; am not sufficiently musical," put in the other, humbly.

"Wagner," began the Norwegian, 'is not a thing to be entered upon lightly. It is not merely the love of music that is necessary. Wagner is a poet, a painter, a stage-manager,

a philosopher, a critic—all, as well as a mere musician. He was the most wonderful, the most many-sided genius that ever lived—Shakespeare, Beethoven, Plato, Raphael, all in one. You can approach the festival from different sides. The Lady Betty, here, from the musical *Aussichtspunkt*, so to speak; you, lady, from the soul, from the heart. But in any case, study is necessary—reading—

"... 'But you can read German?' he asked.

"I learnt it with German governesses, and have read Schiller," she replied.

"So did I; and I speak to the waiters when I go to Homburg, and read the papers," put in Mrs. Urmston.

"It will return to you," he replied confidently. "You must read the stories, the poems. Wagner is a dramatist; his plays would act themselves magnificently. What a drama is *Tristan*! But four characters; only a day and a night in the first two acts. Such unities! The words alone are music."

"His face glowed, his eyes shone; the frank naïve expression, which was usual to him, had given place to enthusiasm.

"But I," exclaimed Lady Betty—"I want to hear the great *ensemble* rendered as nowhere else; the vast volume of sound rising from the "mystic abyss" below the stage, the many harps, the quaint horns, the wonderful orchestration, so perfect, and rolling on and on, ceaselessly, in harmony with the play!"

"Just so," Halmar went on. "Wagner, to be rightly appreciated, must be heard at Baireuth, rendered as the master himself intended he should be. Chaotic it sounds at first to strangers' ears, but gradually the grand unity, the—the making all the things equal one to another—"

"Subordination of each to the whole," suggested Helen.

"Subordination—comes out. The work is elastic, no part drops; each has its turn, its burden, its importance. No piano score, no clippings given at concerts, will show you all this. The mere notes, the expression marks, are not enough to render it. You must begin from the beginning, with your soul soaked—"

"Saturated," suggested Helen. "So—saturated with the theme, the spirit, the lesson, and then the true meaning of the immense whole, as it unrolls itself before your eyes, can be grasped. The orchestra at Baireuth is not a machine; it is a living thing, created by the master, and he only made one specimen."

"Wagner played not on one art, music only. He took all the arts and wove them into one gigantic orchestra, whereout he evoked the eternal questions of love, of death, of right, of wrong, which are with us all, always, and for all time, and on them he brought his great intellect, that well-stored brain of his, to work, to analyze, criticise. And he does this through the means of the only art which can appeal to the human soul, and which only can awake emotion at first hand, as it were."

This authoress writes charmingly, in the same novel, on the subject of *Parsifal*, which is, of course, the great attraction of Bayreuth, and it is much to be regretted that this year it will not be represented. I will quote, notwithstanding, some passages on the subject, for *Parsifal* must always be connected in one's mind with Bayreuth, and Bayreuth with *Parsifal*.

"*Parsifal*, of course. That can only be played in Baireuth," said Lady Betty.

"And rightly, too. *Parsifal* is not a play; it is a religious ceremony, a marvellous religious ceremony, wherein people of all creeds may participate in perfect unity. So wide is Wagner."

"Oh, Betty, you don't know the men in London I would like to drag here to see *Parsifal*—to learn a lesson! But ah! those that need it wouldn't understand. Wagner speaks in parables as he of old. And the others—those that do understand—do not need it. That is life," she sighed.

"The spell of *Parsifal* is on you still?"

"I feel as if I had been assisting at some religious worship. It is one of the oldest mediæval "mysteries," only more so. Purified, deepened, fuller of hidden meanings."

"That is what all feel, who come to Baireuth to *Parsifal*. Your English parsons, our stiff Lutheran pastors, the Roman priests, and the others, too, the enlightened ones, who think they know better than any priest,—*Parsifal* has even a message—a lesson for them. They will not learn from any preacher, but they learn from *Parsifal* the same lessons which the poet teaches, and which underlie all sacred symbols and legends."

Another novel which tells us of Bayreuth, is a sad little story by Mrs. Russel Barrington. It contains several passages which may supply us with food for reflection. Such as this:

"Indeed, I am no musician," protested Albrecht, "though I love music to distraction. Alas! I know, had Wagner expressed his poetical genius in the art I pursue, we should have had a tremendous painter. His genius touches, in a cosmopolitan way, artists in every line, and makes them feel his heart is theirs, and theirs is his, in all essentials, and both and all ought to be on the widest lines of emotional inspiration."

The music of an opera, is, I think, far more enjoyable when the plot has been mastered beforehand. Wagner says in another of his letters to Liszt, that though music "should do more than contribute its full share towards making the drama clearly and quickly comprehensible at every moment—while listening to a good—that is rational—opera, people should, so to speak, not think of the music at all, but only feel it in an unconscious manner, while their fullest sympathy should be wholly occupied by the action represented."

The plot, therefore, of the operas that are going to be witnessed should be carefully studied.

There is a capital little book containing short, concise plots of not only Wagner's, but all standard operas. "The Standard Opera Glass," by Charles Annesley. This book will be found most useful by those who have not much leisure for reading lengthy works, and for these there are also quite short biographies of Wagner, in books such as "Studies of Great Composers," by Hubert Parry. And there is some interesting Wagner reading in "My Musical Life," by Haweis.

I will not bewilder my readers by suggesting too many books to read between this and the approaching Wagner Festival; but in case among them there may be some quite young readers who are going to enjoy the inestimable privilege of attending it, let them read "Wagner's Heroes" (Edward Arnold), by Constance Maud—a book, which, though intended for quite young people, may be read with great pleasure by older ones.

EVELYN.

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Little touches such as this:—

"It is related of Dickens and other famous authors that the characters drawn by their fancy became after a time so real to them that they laughed their laughs, and wept their tears.

"It was just so with Wagner. He confesses regarding Elsa and Lohengrin: 'I suffered actual deep grief—which often found vent in scalding tears—when I realized the inevitable tragic necessity of the separation, the destruction of the two lovers.'"

The author also admits us into many secrets of Wagner's method of stage-management, and of coaching his artists. For instance:

"The real Wagner is admirably revealed in two notices, which he posted behind the scenes, and in the mystic abyss:

"To the Singers.

"DISTINCTNESS: the large notes come of themselves; the small notes and their text are the main thing. *Never say anything to the public.* In monologues always look up or down, never straight ahead."

This, I may add is certainly a great distinguishing feature in the rendering of Wagner's operas at Bayreuth. There is much interesting detail about each individual opera in the volumes from which I have quoted, and I think that when they have been read, should time allow, the Wagner enthusiast will be inspired to read the "Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt." No. 41—a very long letter from Wagner to Liszt, is, I think, the most interesting and instructive as to the way in which Wagner liked his operas to be rendered. Space forbids me to quote more than a fragment from it:—

"Be firm and decisive in compelling the vocalists to sing what they take for recitatives in a determined, brisk tempo. It is especially by this treatment of the recitatives that the duration of the opera can be reduced, as I know by experience, by almost an hour."

Some lighter reading will doubtless be wanted as well, to pass the tedium of those weary hours in the train, which must be endured before Bayreuth is reached. One's mind will be so filled with the object of the journey, that I think even a *novel* that does not touch on Bayreuth or Wagner will seem out of place and wanting in interest. Fortunately, I know of two that will be found excellent travelling companions for the occasion. I will quote first from "A Bayreuth Pilgrimage," by Edith Cuthell, and let the reader judge for himself.

"We are thinking of going to the Wagner Festival, at Bayreuth," added Mrs. Urmston, raising her eyes to his.

"You! Oh, Lady!"

"You don't think us worthy?" cried Betty.

"You don't think I should understand; am not sufficiently musical," put in the other, humbly.

"Wagner," began the Norwegian, 'is not a thing to be entered upon lightly. It is not merely the love of music that is necessary. Wagner is a poet, a painter, a stage-manager,

a philosopher, a critic—all, as well as a mere musician. He was the most wonderful, the most many-sided genius that ever lived—Shakespeare, Beethoven, Plato, Raphael, all in one. You can approach the festival from different sides. The Lady Betty, here, from the musical *Aussichtspunkt*, so to speak; you, lady, from the soul, from the heart. But in any case, study is necessary—reading—

“ . . . ‘But you can read German?’ he asked.

“‘I learnt it with German governesses, and have read Schiller,’ she replied.

“‘So did I; and I speak to the waiters when I go to Homburg, and read the papers,’ put in Mrs. Urmston.

“‘It will return to you,’ he replied confidently. ‘You must read the stories, the poems. Wagner is a dramatist; his plays would act themselves magnificently. What a drama is *Tristan*! But four characters; only a day and a night in the first two acts. Such unities! The words alone are music.’

“His face glowed, his eyes shone; the frank naïve expression, which was usual to him, had given place to enthusiasm.

“‘But I,’ exclaimed Lady Betty—‘I want to hear the great *ensemble* rendered as nowhere else; the vast volume of sound rising from the “mystic abyss” below the stage, the many harps, the quaint horns, the wonderful orchestration, so perfect, and rolling on and on, ceaselessly, in harmony with the play!’

“‘Just so,’ Halmar went on: ‘Wagner, to be rightly appreciated, must be heard at Baireuth, rendered as the master himself intended he should be. Chaotic it sounds at first to strangers’ ears, but gradually the grand unity, the—the making all the things equal one to another—’

“‘Subordination of each to the whole,’ suggested Helen.

“‘Subordination—comes out. The work is elastic, no part drops; each has its turn, its burden, its importance. No piano score, no clippings given at concerts, will show you all this. The mere notes, the expression marks, are not enough to render it. You must begin from the beginning, with your soul soaked—’

“‘Saturated,’ suggested Helen. ‘So—saturated with the theme, the spirit, the lesson, and then the true meaning of the immense whole, as it unrolls itself before your eyes, can be grasped. The orchestra at Baireuth is not a machine; it is a living thing, created by the master, and he only made one specimen.’

“ . . . ‘Wagner played not on one art, music only. He took all the arts and wove them into one gigantic orchestra, whereout he evoked the eternal questions of love, of death, of right, of wrong, which are with us all, always, and for all time, and on them he brought his great intellect, that well-stored brain of his, to work, to analyze, criticise. And he does this through the means of the only art which can appeal to the human soul, and which only can awake emotion at first hand, as it were.’”

This authoress writes charmingly, in the same novel, on the subject of *Parsifal*, which is, of course, the great attraction of Bayreuth, and it is much to be regretted that this year it will not be represented. I will quote, notwithstanding, some passages on the subject, for *Parsifal* must always be connected in one's mind with Bayreuth, and Bayreuth with *Parsifal*.

“‘*Parsifal*, of course. That can only be played in Baireuth,’ said Lady Betty.

“‘And rightly, too. *Parsifal* is not a play: it is a religious ceremony, a marvellous religious ceremony, wherein people of all creeds may participate in perfect unity. So wide is Wagner. . . .”

* * * * *

“ . . . ‘Oh, Betty, you don't know the men in London I would like to drag here to see *Parsifal*—to learn a lesson! But ah! those that need it wouldn't understand. Wagner speaks in parables as he of old. And the others—those that do understand—do not need it. That is life,’” she sighed.

* * * * *

“‘The spell of *Parsifal* is on you still?’

“‘I feel as if I had been assisting at some religious worship. It is one of the oldest mediæval “mysteries,” only more so. Purified, deepened, fuller of hidden meanings.’

“‘That is what all feel, who come to Baireuth to *Parsifal*. Your English parsons, our stiff Lutheran pastors, the Roman priests, and the others, too, the enlightened ones, who think they know better than any priest,—*Parsifal* has even a message—a lesson for them. They will not learn from any preacher, but they learn from *Parsifal* the same lessons which the poet teaches, and which underlie all sacred symbols and legends.’”

Another novel which tells us of Bayreuth, is a sad little story by Mrs. Russel Barrington. It contains several passages which may supply us with food for reflection. Such as this:

“‘Indeed, I am no musician,’ protested Albrecht, ‘though I love music to distraction. Alas! I know, had Wagner expressed his poetical genius in the art I pursue, we should have had a tremendous painter. His genius touches, in a cosmopolitan way, artists in every line, and makes them feel his heart is theirs, and theirs is his, in all essentials, and both and all ought to be on the widest lines of emotional inspiration.’”

The music of an opera, is, I think, far more enjoyable when the plot has been mastered beforehand. Wagner says in another of his letters to Liszt, that though music “should do more than contribute its full share towards making the drama clearly and quickly comprehensible at every moment—while listening to a good—that is rational—opera, people should, so to speak, not think of the music at all, but only feel it in an unconscious manner, while their fullest sympathy should be wholly occupied by the action represented.”

The plot, therefore, of the operas that are going to be witnessed should be carefully studied.

There is a capital little book containing short, concise plots of not only Wagner's, but all standard operas. “The Standard Opera Glass,” by Charles Annesley. This book will be found most useful by those who have not much leisure for reading lengthy works, and for these there are also quite short biographies of Wagner, in books such as “Studies of Great Composers,” by Hubert Parry. And there is some interesting Wagner reading in “My Musical Life,” by Haweis.

I will not bewilder my readers by suggesting too many books to read between this and the approaching Wagner Festival; but in case among them there may be some quite young readers who are going to enjoy the inestimable privilege of attending it, let them read “Wagner's Heroes” (Edward Arnold), by Constance Maud—a book, which, though intended for quite young people, may be read with great pleasure by older ones.

EVELYN.

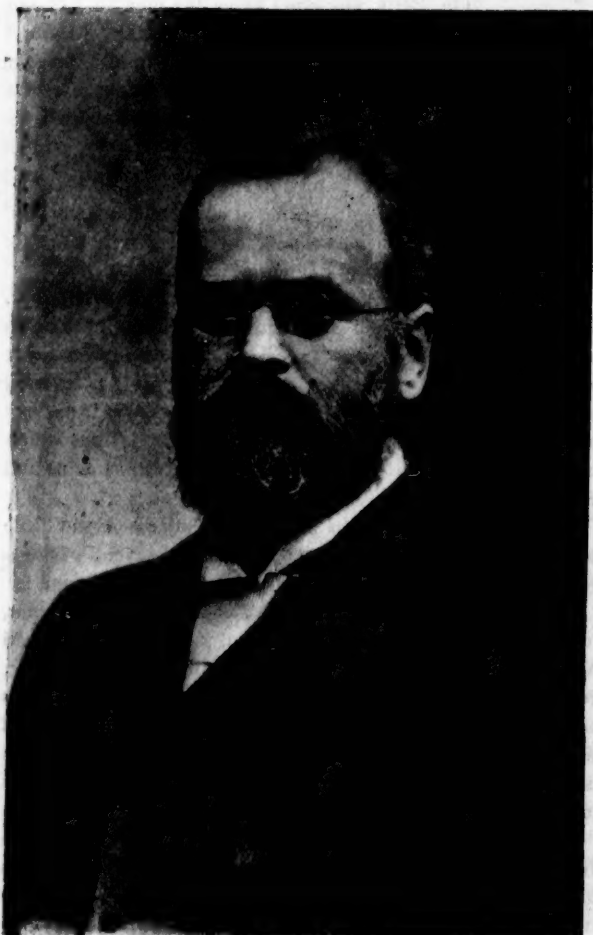


Professor Heinrich Barth.



By MARIE WURM.

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SO long ago as 1880 I had the good fortune to meet Professor Barth for the first time at a Crystal Palace concert, where I had gone to hear him play in the Brahms Concerto, and Professor Hausmann the violoncello. [It so happened that the accompanist was not to Professor Hausmann's liking, and Mr. August Manns, having perceived me at the morning rehearsal, beckoned to me to come up to him, and there and then proposed my accompanying Professor Hausmann, which I did without even a rehearsal]. Professors Hausmann and Barth were already then great friends, so I naturally became acquainted with the latter also on that memorable day sixteen years ago.

Since then I have met and heard Heinrich Barth many a time; and as he has become one of Germany's greatest interpreters of classical music, it is not only for "Auld lang syne" that I take up my pen to write about him, who is still the same modest, unassuming artist in spite of his successful career. I visited him the other day in Berlin, as I wished to tell my readers about him; he most kindly answered all my queries humorously and good-naturedly, and gave me his photograph especially for the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*.

The following is what I gathered from his conversation:

He was born on the 12th July, 1847, at Pillau (near Königsberg), his father being schoolmaster there. To him Heinrich owed his first musical instructions, at the early age of four-and-a-half years. At the age of six he had already played before audiences, but his real studies began shortly after, when he was taken to Potsdam to become the pupil of Ludwig Steinmann, a well-known pianoforte instructor. At his school the boy Heinrich was made to work very hard,—five-and-a-half hours a day were considered necessary. "Did he like it?" "No, he hated practising." Herr and Frau Steinmann, having lost their own children, offered to adopt the talented boy, and to them he owes his education, musical and otherwise. In 1861 he played Beethoven's difficult G major Concerto in Berlin at a public concert. Unluckily his fatherly teacher died in 1863, so the boy took lessons from Hans von Bülow, who had been a friend of Steinmann's. When Bülow gave up his position in Berlin, Barth became the pupil of Hans von Bronsart and also of Karl Tausig. Theoretical instructions he received from the celebrated A. B. Marx, Professors Weitzmann and Kiel. Barth gave his first concert in Berlin in 1867, and it proved so great a success that he was at once engaged as a teacher at the Stern'sche Conservatoire (Berlin), where his step-father had taught for many years. In 1871 he was offered, and accepted, the post of pianoforte-teacher at the Royal Hochschule, where he still remains, although he has had posts offered him at Frankfurt-am-Maine and other towns. He became teacher to the Emperor Frederick's (then Crown Prince) children, and received the title of "Court-pianist," and was made a "Professor" in 1880.

It was in 1878, however, that he first went to England, playing at the "Pops" with Joachim, and also before the Queen. At the London "Pops" he was the first to introduce Brahms' Variations on Handel's theme. On the 21st February, 1880, he visited London again, playing Brahms' Concerto and the Invitation à la Valse (Weber-Tausig) at the Crystal Palace. (This was Professor Hausmann's first appearance at the Crystal Palace I believe.) Barth also played in Edinburgh (Brahms' Paganini-Variations), and made his appearance at the Richter concerts during that season. During 1881 he again appeared at the Crystal Palace, also in Edinburgh, and gave a recital in London at St. James's Hall, together with Hausmann. The year 1883 brought him again to London and Liverpool. In 1884 he made his reappearance at the Crystal Palace, playing Brahms' B major Concerto for the first time in England. He was the first pianist to introduce a Bechstein piano to the London public. His last appearance in London was in 1885.

His playing is characterized by earnestness of purpose and real artistic feeling, without any pretensions of showing off his marvellous execution. The composer ever stands foremost, not the pianist. After Clara Schumann and Hans von Bülow no worthier interpreter of classical works could be found in Germany. His name and fame have spread across to America, and from there, even more than from England, come a large number of pupils to him every year.

Owing to his quiet manly character, he is much beloved, not only by his admiring pupils, but still more by his second

mother—Frau Steinmann, who adopted him as a child, and with whom he still lives. She cannot say enough in praise of "her son Heinrich," who has been a most dutiful son to her all these years.

It may interest my readers to hear some of his answers to my questions.

"Which pianos do you like best to play upon?"

"Bechstein's."

"Do you allow your pupils to play many modern composers' works, and whose?"

"Oh, yes, some of Moszkowski's; but I do not like Grieg nor Tschaiikowsky."

"What do you think of the Janko Pianoforte (the new double keyboard)?"

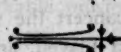
"I think it a very unnecessary invention."

"Do you consider the English or Americans more talented?"

"I can hardly say, not having had as many English as American pupils; but they are all conscientious in their studies; having come such a long way to me, they know the necessity of work; else I would not teach them!"



Musical Life in London.



THE LAMOUREUX CONCERTS.

THE three Lamoureux concerts, the chief musical event of April, excited an enormous amount of interest. It is fifteen years since Lamoureux made his *début* in London as an orchestral conductor; but it is the first time that his famous orchestra, which has the reputation of being one of the finest in Europe, has been heard in England. We are familiar with the methods of four great conductors, Richter, Manns, Mottl, and Levi. We love Richter and Manns, and are dazzled by Mottl and Levi. Lamoureux ranks with these, but with an essential difference. I should describe him as the father of his orchestra, which is composed of none but first-rate artists, and for him they play like young gods. Mottl abandons himself to the emotion of the moment, but Lamoureux is calm, conscientious, and impersonal; music to him is sacred, and he conducts with a marvellous attention to detail, and like one who interprets a revelation of great moment to mankind. His ideas are conveyed to the players without resort to extravagant gesture, yet the minutest direction is faithfully obeyed. His reading at the first concert of Beethoven's C minor Symphony will remain in the memories of those who heard it as the high water-mark of Beethoven playing. For beauty of tone, perfection of *ensemble*, and unique sense of proportion, his interpretation was beyond all praise, and the full splendour, beauty, and tenderness of this work, have never been more completely brought

out. The way in which the melody of the Andante was given by the strings, to take one point, was quite magical, while the playing of the wood-wind in the scherzo was of unsurpassable delicacy. Lamoureux's musicians play like one man with unflinching precision, and wonderful attention to light and shade, vigour and brilliancy are characteristics of his splendid orchestra. There is really no weak point in the band. The *tour de force* of the evening was the performance of Saint-Saëns' symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," at the close of which M. Lamoureux obtained a *pianissimo* of the most ethereal and fairy-like softness. The novelty in the programme was the overture to Emmanuel Chabrier's opera *Gwendoline*, a composition full of fire and imagination, and strikingly bold in its harmonic effects. It made some impression by reason of the brilliancy of its orchestration. I would gladly welcome this composition on occasion in place of the oft-played "Walkürenritt." I append the programme:

Overture	"Flying Dutchman"	Wagner
Symphony in C minor	Beethoven
Overture	"Gwendoline"	E. Chabrier
		(First time in England).		
Pilgrim's March (Harold in Italy)	Berlioz
		Mons. Bailly (viola).		
Symphonic Poem...	"Le Rouet d'Omphale"	Saint-Saëns
Huldigungs-Marsch (Homage-March)...	Wagner

M. Lamoureux was loudly cheered at the conclusion of each number, and I may add that after twice acknowledging the applause for Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* overture, he, adopting the happy idea of the late Hans von Bülow, gave the signal for the entire orchestra to rise from their seats and bow their acknowledgments.

The programme of the second concert, April 16, was of the greatest interest, so I print it in full:

Wallenstein's Camp	Vincent d'Indy
		(First time in England).		
Symphony in C minor (with organ and pianoforte)	Saint-Saëns
		Mons. Lacroix, organ.		
		Mons. Chevillard } Pianoforte.		
		Mr. Isidor Cohn }		
Serenade (<i>Impressions d'Italie</i>)	G. Charpentier
		Mons. Bailly, viola.		
		(First time in England).		
Overture (<i>Die Meistersinger</i>)	Wagner
Forest Murmurs (<i>Siegfried</i>)	Wagner
Marche Hongroise (<i>Damnation de Faust</i>)	Berlioz

The distinguishing feature of the concert was that minuteness of attention to every detail which is the last touch to perfection—a result no doubt of infinite labour in rehearsal and productive of a corresponding success. M. Lamoureux's orchestra is a glorious and beautiful machine for the production of wonderful and exquisite effects. Mottl's orchestra I

should not thus designate, for he dazzles and fills us with emotional life. Space will only allow me to dwell a moment on Saint Saëns' Symphony in C minor and "Impressions d'Italie," by Charpentier. The former work is astonishingly clever, but impressive. It does not bear the mark of inspiration, but rather that of careful manufacture by an extremely versatile musician. The latter piece is extremely fanciful, having a principal theme, first played by the 'celli and then repeated by a solo viola behind the scenes. I have never listened to more delicate and delicious rendering of such music. The accompaniment during the viola solo was marvellous in its subdued murmuring at times. I seemed conscious of the music, though the sounds were hardly audible. To put it briefly, at this concert the various compositions could not have been better played, and M. Lamoureux and his band covered themselves with glory.

The Queen's Hall was crowded in every part on Saturday afternoon, April 18, when M. Lamoureux gave the third and last concert of the series. Here is the programme :

Romeo and Juliet (2nd part)	Berlioz
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso for Violin... ..	Saint-Saëns
Mons. Houfflack—Violin.	
Symphonic Poem "Thamar"	Balakireff
(First time in England).	
Chasse et Orage (<i>Les Troyens</i>)	Berlioz
(First time in England).	
Good Friday Music (<i>Parsifal</i>)	Wagner
Menuet (<i>L'Arlésienne</i>)	Bizet
Cortège de Bacchus (<i>Sylvia</i>)	Léo Delibes

The scene from Berlioz's *Les Troyens* illustrates a hunt and a storm; and is such a delightful and characteristic example of his best workmanship that I wonder we have not heard it before. The other novelty of the programme, the Symphonic Poem, by Balakireff, one of the Russian composers of the advanced school, is based on a dramatic but repulsive story, by Lermonteff, of a female fiend, who, like the Lorelei, lures men by her wiles, and then destroys them. The composer, in giving musical illustration to some of the gruesome incidents, has here and there written ugly music, but there is so much cleverness in the work, that I hesitate to condemn a composition with so many new features, on a first hearing. The impression, however, it made on the audience was not good, and far more acceptable to the majority were the other items of the programme. Both the new works were superbly played, as was also the Romeo and Juliet symphony; and the Good Friday music from *Parsifal*, and other numbers, served to again show the various fine qualities of the band. M. Houfflack, the principal violin, played Saint-Saëns' Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, with a sweet tone and perfect technical execution; he was delightfully accompanied. Great enthusiasm prevailed during the concert. M. Lamoureux's musicians have been much gratified by the hearty welcome accorded them by English audiences and the veteran conductor, in a speech at one of the rehearsals, expressed his thanks to Mr. Newman, congratulated him on the success of his efforts to acclimatize the French pitch here, and promised to see that permanent expression is given to this feeling in an address which will be signed by many of the leading musicians of Europe. I am glad to say the success of the enterprise has been so great that Mr. Newman has arranged a further series of concerts for November.

THE "POPS."

The thirty-eighth season of these concerts terminated in brilliant fashion on the evening of March 30. A programme, consisting largely of old favourites, and supported by almost

the whole strength of the company, attracted an audience which filled every part of St. James's Hall. First came Mendelssohn's octet, which, if I recollect rightly, had not before been heard this season, but in which the always favourite scherzo again delighted the public. Mendelssohn made an orchestral version of this scherzo, and to his intense amusement the whole octet was in 1832 performed in a Parisian church at a Mass in commemoration of Beethoven. The spectacle of the priest officiating at the altar during the fairy-like scherzo he declared to have "exceeded in absurdity anything the world ever heard of." Dr. Joachim, who was greeted with loud applause, led the performance upstanding, his seven companions, grouped in a semi-circle, being seated. An opportunity was again afforded of hearing Lady Hallé and Dr. Joachim in Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins, which was interpreted by both of these distinguished artists in irreproachable fashion, and in returning to the platform to repeat the noble and expressive adagio, they correctly estimated the wish uppermost with the delighted audience. Signor Piatti, whose appearance was the signal for a prolonged outburst of applause, played two of his own pieces, *The Entreaty* and *The Race* with verve and grace. Another feature of the evening was the reception—of the utmost heartiness—accorded to Mr. Leonard Borwick, whose choice decided in favour of two charming pianoforte pieces by the Russian composer, Rachmaninoff, the first the prelude in C sharp minor, the second a valse in F sharp minor. His tasteful rendering of these fragrant numbers compelled an appetite for yet another dish, and a further *morceau* was obtained. David Bispham was the vocalist, and sang a very dramatic song, "Salomo," by Mr. Henschel, which seems to require an orchestral accompaniment, and others by Purcell and Schumann. Lastly came Schumann's pianoforte quintet, played by Messrs. Borwick, Joachim, Ries, Gibson, and Piatti, and with hearty cheers for all the artists the Monday "Pops" were then suspended till next Lord Mayor's Day.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Good Friday afternoon Concert at Sydenham attracted a very large number of visitors from town. The London, Chatham and Dover Railway put on several "specials," but the scramble for tickets at Victoria was even worse than usual. With such a quartet of such first-rate musicians, as Miss Macintyre, Madame Marian McKenzie, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, it was only to be expected that there would be a splendid attendance. But, beside these four well-known soloists, there was Madame Medora Henson, who made one of the hits of the afternoon. The Handel Orchestra was packed, and those who were seated there looked on a sea of faces. On Good Friday it has long been the custom at the Crystal Palace to request the audience to join in singing certain well-known hymns, which are accordingly printed in music type on the programme. On mounting the platform, Mr. Manns was most enthusiastically greeted, but silence reigned immediately he gave the signal to Mr. Walter Hedgcock at the organ to play the opening phrases of "The Old Hundredth." The audience rose and sang, with the Crystal Palace choir, the orchestral and military bands accompanying the three verses. Mr. Manns, with his back to the orchestra, wielded the bâton to the audience, and the effect of this fine old melody, as sung by upwards of 20,000 voices, was impressive in the extreme. Then came a selection from *The Redemption*, including the "March to Calvary"; the quartet and chorus, "Beside the Cross Remaining"; and the soprano air, "From Thy

Love as a Father," given by Madame Henson. Miss Macintyre's first solo was Gounod-Bach "Ave Maria," which she rendered with the utmost devotional fervour, the phrasing being perfect; her two other solos were—the Mendelssohn hymn, "Hear my Prayer," which was loudly applauded; and the air, "The Night is Calm," from *The Golden Legend*, in both of which the choir sang the choruses with good effect. Madame Marion McKenzie's rendering of Mr. Cowen's "Better Land" so delighted her listeners that Mr. Manns was obliged to allow an *encore*. Mr. Edward Lloyd gave two of the most popular airs in his *répertoire*—"If with all your Hearts," from *Elijah*; and "Sound an Alarm," from *Judas Maccabeus*. Seldom or ever has he delivered the former air in a more impressive and feeling manner. Every note told and every word was heard. But the honours of the concert were fairly carried off by Mr. Santley, for one of the finest performances of "Honour and Arms" ever heard at the Handel Orchestra. Madame Henson's bright and spirited version of "Inflamatus," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, so pleased the audience that it was *encored*. The concert concluded with the hymn, "Abide with me" (sung to Dr. Monk's melody), and the National Anthem—in both of which the audience joined.

An interesting novelty figured in Mr. Manns' programme the following Saturday afternoon, April 4, when a "Village Suite," from the pen of Mr. Herbert Bunning, was performed for the first time. I am glad to see one of our younger composers coming forward with a work containing evidence of natural talent and fine culture. Mr. Bunning's "Village Suite" boasts four movements—"Pastorale," "Peasants' Dance," "Idyll," and "Village Fête." In the second number hurdy-gurdy and accordion effects are suggested by the woodwind, the idyll begins with the aid of harmonies on the harp, and in the finale large bells and a glockenspiel are introduced, the music being intended in a measure to represent the gipsies, a party of whom have arrived in the Italian village. The themes throughout the suite are noteworthy for freshness and

geniality, and they are frequently combined with a measure of skill that proves Mr. Bunning to be a most able contrapuntist. The "Peasants' Dance," so far as the average hearer is concerned, will assuredly be held to be the gem of the suite. I heartily congratulate Mr. Bunning on his new work, and the audience were clearly of the same mind, for at the conclusion of the suite they called forward the composer twice. In the programme there also figured Beethoven's Symphony in D and Spohr's "Dramatic" violin concerto, which latter work was played with considerable taste and feeling by Miss Jessie Grimson. The vocalists of the occasion were Miss Mabel Berry and Mr. Braxton Smith.

A choice programme, of remarkable musical interest, was provided on Saturday afternoon, April 11. The symphony was the "Pastoral" of Beethoven. The lovely open-air music was played with the complete understanding, balance, and finish which unfailingly characterize the interpretation of Beethoven's works at these famous concerts. Another fragrant sketch of the delights of the country was presented later in Dvorak's overture, entitled, "In der Natur," the first of the set of three sometimes called "A Triple Overture." This charming work was splendidly played, and complete justice was done to Mozart's wonderfully written overture to *The Magic Flute* which headed the list. M. Sapellnikoff's performance of the leading part in Schumann's Pianoforte concerto unmistakably revealed the true artist. Nothing could have been more admirable than the technique, gentleness, and delicate phrasing which he brought to bear on this poetical work; indeed I have heard no better performance of the Concerto since the composer's widow retired from public life. The abundant applause bestowed may therefore be deemed a tribute to the higher qualities of musicianship displayed by him; his solo pieces comprised the Song without Words in F by Tchaikowsky, Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song," and Liszt's thirteenth Hungarian Rhapsody in A, all of which were delightfully rendered.

→* The Impressionist. *←

A NOT inconsiderable amount of attention has lately been drawn to a lady who advertises a lesson on the violin, a glass of milk, and a bun, for the very modest sum of 5d.

Presumably the bun and glass of milk is a sort of mild pick-me-up after the cheap nastiness of the lesson, in which case it were indiscreet of the lady advertiser to show the cards she holds so openly. Seriously, one wonders where such things will stop, and when legislation will step in to protect the bona-fide and capable teacher from the amateurish humbug and cheeky fraud, whose only claim to notice is the unbounded assurance with which he or she professes that which they are incapable of.

The amount of ignorance that is to be met with amongst the pupils of this class of teacher (?) is something astounding and unbelievable, except to those who have paid some little attention to the matter. Many a time have I met pupils who have paid for five or seven years' tuition on the pianoforte, who are absolutely ignorant of the simplest thing beyond

their notes. Quite recently I was offered as pupil one who had studied for five years, and who confessed he had never counted to a piece of music in his life. Needless to say he knew nothing about time, in fact, he had never noticed the time signatures in the 1st bar, and if he had would have thought that like the "eye-brow" marks (signs for phrasing) they were put there to presumably give the purchaser of the piece more printing for his money.

* * * *

One of the most amusing cases of this description I ever met was that of a student who frankly told me that he thought the time value of the notes was indicated by their *distance from one another*, so that if a series of notes was printed closely together, he played them faster than when they were further apart. A fact!

* * * *

By far the most astounding case, however, was one in which a professional student figured. In this case it was a young lady, a student of a famous Conservatoire. Happening to make a call on her and her mother, I was asked to take the piano

part in the Kreutzer sonata. The fair violinist who *had* studied the pianoforte and found it too intellectual (!), and dropped it for the violin (!!), unfortunately—or rather perhaps fortunately—soon brought the work to a standstill, as for some unexplained reason her fingers got entangled amongst the violin strings. To show their enthusiasm for the “divine” Beethoven, however, they broke into a lot of hysterical gush, and ended by informing me that “they had those lovely violin sonatas *arranged for piano*.” I was curious to see them, and they handed me—Beethoven’s piano sonatas!

In contradistinction to the bare and prosaic baldness of the *5d.* advertisement, I offer my readers the following extract from a novel by Marie Corelli, merely prefacing it with the information that the hero who is speaking is,—The Devil in person! Hence those who conscientiously and faithfully follow the course of (piano) instruction here mapped out would be able in time to assert “that they play like the very devil,” and a phrase often used in a figurative sense would become a bare truth.

“Where in the world did you study?”

“In Nature’s Conservatoire,” replied Rimænz lazily. “My first maestro was an amiable nightingale. He, singing on a branch of fir when the moon was full, explained with liquid-noted patience how to construct and produce a pure roulade, cadenza, and trill; and when I had learned thus far, he showed me all the most elaborate methods of applying rhythmic time to the upward and downward rush of the wind, thus supplying me with perfect counterpoint. Chords I learned from old Neptune, who was good enough to toss a few of his largest billows to the shore for my special benefit. He nearly deafened me with his instructions, being somewhat excitable and loud-voiced; but, on finding me an apt pupil, he drew back his waves to himself with so much delicacy among the pebbles and sand, that at once I mastered the secret of playing arpeggi. Once, too, I had a finishing lesson from a dream. A mystic thing, with wild hair and wings—it sang one word in my ears, and the word was unpronounceable in mortal speech, but, after many efforts, I discovered it lurking in the scale of sound. The best part of it all was, that my instructor asked no fees.”

What a jargon and juggling of words and terms the authoress seemingly knows not the meaning of. The “pure roulades” and the “perfect counterpoints”—oh, shades of Prout!—are almost as comprehensible as a certain critic’s “red rag” “legitimate music,” whatever that may be. Only when I got to the “Finishing lesson from a Dream,” did I see light.

“A mystic thing with wild hair and wings.” Why, of a verity, it is, it must be—Paderewski! And then—“it sang one word in my ears, and the word was unpronounceable in mortal speech.” Why, of course, it was his own name!

And now I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the devil can pronounce Paderewski’s name, if no one else can.

Here’s a neat specimen of the “new” criticism. I take it from the *New York Herald*. Mr. E. McDowell gave recently in that city a pianoforte recital, at which he introduced a sonata op. 50, the movements of which were thus described in the programme:—I., slow, with nobility; fast, passionately;

II., elf-like, as light and swift as possible; III., tenderly, lovingly, yet with passion; IV., fiercely, very fast. The *Herald* man simply adds, Mr. McDowell *did all these things*. Half a dozen words, and a hundred would not have expressed it better.

I see that the opera selected for performance during the coming coronation festivities at Moscow is Gluiké’s *Russian and Ludmila*, while at another of the theatres performances will be given of the various national dances. Russia’s treasury of beautiful and characteristic dance tunes is immense, and I shall certainly envy the lucky visitors to the ancient capital. The German ambassador, Prince Radolin, will give a concert during the festivities, at which some of the world’s most famous pianists, singers, etc., will perform.

I attended Sapellnikoff’s piano recital on the 14th, and found it decidedly interesting. The Waldstein sonata, which was the first item, is not in any way a favourite of mine, though I can and do admit the beauty of the melodies, etc. The sameness of the technical means, the endless diatonic scale passages and trills, always render the work somewhat monotonous to me. It is big, no doubt, but apart from the supremely lovely “Introduction” to the rondo, it never appeals to me like—for instance—the lovely little sonata in E op. 90, or the first three movements of the op. 110. Technically it was highly finished, but musically I have heard better performances. A Gigue in G by Mozart, a Rondo in B minor by Bach, and a sonata by Scarlatti, led the way to a remarkable performance of Mendelssohn’s *Variations sérieuses*. In the 6th variation the crescendo was simply perfect, while the chords in the 12th and the delicate staccato runs in the 13th were really wonderful.

Of the Chopin numbers the Berceuse was rather wooden, and the reading of the lovely 4th Ballade somewhat uninteresting; the little Mazurka in F sharp minor, op. 59, was however beautifully given. The audience, which was rather frigid, was only really warmed when the pianist gave his own little Gavotte, the same as recently played by its composer at the first Philharmonic as an encore. The last number was Liszt’s 12th Hungarian Rhapsody, by far the best performance of that beautiful work I have ever heard, and by long odds the best performance of the afternoon. Sapellnikoff played it *con amore*, and it proved astonishingly effective even to those who know it perfectly and have heard it played to death. It was encoored with Mendelssohn’s caprice in E minor, op. 16.

Sapellnikoff’s technical methods are perhaps the nearest approach to Anton Rubinstein’s of any pianist—excepting Josef Hofmann—known to London concert-goers. I fancy he had a considerable number of lessons from Rubinstein, although Madame Sophie Menter has been his chief instructress. His ambition, however, is reported to lean more to orchestral conducting than towards piano-playing, and I do not suppose many of our amateurs have made his acquaintance in that capacity. Personally I think he has all the necessary qualifications for success as a really great conductor, bar one—experience. I have heard him give a capital reading of Tchaikowsky’s symphonic variations for orchestra and other orchestral works, and that with an altogether third-rate orchestra.

His wrath, however, was something prodigious when an incapable wind player proved his incompetence in Sophie

Menter's Gipsy Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra (orchestrated, I believe, by Tschaiakowsky). Even Madame Menter herself, who was playing the solo part, seemed to scorch under the fury of his glance, and her apologetic shrugs were amusing to witness.

Sapellnikoff has done quite a considerable amount of composing, and his works, although generally in the smaller forms—Etudes, Polonaises, Valses, etc.—are extremely melodious and exceedingly effective. Most of them that I am acquainted with are of a very considerable degree of difficulty, and it would be a mistake for the ordinary amateur to burn his fingers with their technical intricacies. One little piece well within the reach of the ordinary amateur who can play with a little refinement, however, is the *Petite Mazurka*, op. 2, published by André, of Offenbach-on-the-Main, a really graceful little salon piece, and no unworthy rival to Godard's famous second *Mazurka*, which Koczalski used to play so beautifully.

Speaking of Koczalski—who it appears has just been discovered to be a sweet young miss of sixteen—is it possible we have here the much-debated and abused new woman in pianoforte playing? A little fat boy of eight—the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* delightfully put it—a little boy who is officially stated to be eight, and *and is certainly not more than fifteen*—in knickerbockers, and a young "miss" of sixteen in bloomers: the transition is simple. What would the irascible Hans von Bülow have had to say to the matter I wonder? Certainly it would have somewhat upset his theories and sneers against petticoat pianists.

Girl or boy, Koczalski was a remarkable child; his touch at its best was something really lovely, with a delicate bloom—the bloom of a peach—such as I have never heard in an equal degree from any other pianist. Latterly it seemed to me that some of this beauty was lost, brushed off as when we touch a delicate butterfly's wing. I heard him some three or four years in succession, and the last year—I think it was the year he visited London for the first time—was certainly not his best. His drawing power was immense on the Continent, and he could often fill a concert hall (chiefly with the fair sex) when experienced and famous grown artists failed to attract.

D'Albert had an unpleasant experience of this fact when, while Koczalski was giving a series of recitals in Hamburg to crowded houses, he announced a recital in aid of the then projected memorial to Hans von Bülow, only to be obliged to postpone the concert for lack of adequate support,—neither D'Albert's renown nor the gratitude of the Hamburgers to Bülow for his attempts in the direction of their culture being sufficient, when pitted against the feminine worship of Koczalski as a pianist and conductor of his own compositions for orchestra.

Speaking of the foregoing reminds me that the long-standing and often-fought artistic battle as to the superiority of Rosenthal or D'Albert as a pianist will probably find its casting vote in London. Both will be giving a series of recitals here, and at about the same time, and in both cases on exceptionally broad lines. London amateurs generally know their own minds, and are not backward in expressing it, so the result will be interesting.

For me, I do not think D'Albert has any more chance with

Rosenthal as a pianist than the latter has with D'Albert as a musician; but I am certainly curious to see how far D'Albert's early indiscretions (to use no harsher term) will weigh against his success, or how far they will be condoned with.

As an example of the bosh that is offered to the general public by the non-musical magazines on musical matters, an article on "Power expended on Piano-playing," in an exceedingly popular weekly, is a fair sample. The ingenious writer tells us to pile as many coins on one of the pianoforte keys as will weigh it down, and then weigh them (!), and the result will give the degree of force for each note played!

I should like to test this thedrist by first placing him gently on the glass roof of a conservatory (not of music, of course), and then by taking him to the roof of the house, and dropping him on to the conservatory roof. He would find his power of forcefully hitting that glass roof with his body considerably increased, if I am not mistaken, by his drop of fifty or sixty feet.

As a matter of fact, I believe that in a normal passage on the piano the force expended is little or nothing, the weight of the hand being sufficient to depress the keys. I even go further, and suggest that, excepting in fortissimo, the force expended is chiefly in raising the hand into position (the lifting of the dead-weight of the hand) rather than in causing it to drop, which it should do naturally and without propulsion. This, of course, does not apply to the ordinary amateur pianist, who shoves or *digs* his hands into the keys, and who knows as much about attack as I do about the inhabitants of Mars. A pianist who knows how to treat his instrument gets his fortissimos and fortes by raising his hand sufficiently to cause it to gain an impetus in descending, not by placing his hands on the keys and *pressing* to the fullest extent of his muscular power.

After this to be told that "With chords the force is generally spread over the various notes sounded simultaneously, though a greater output of force is undoubtedly expended. This is what gives great pianists the wonderful strength in their fingers that is so often commented on." Very lucid, isn't it? "That Chopin's last study (presumably No. 12 is meant) in C minor has a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play"—that is about the time it takes to play the whole study!—"and that the total pressure brought to bear upon this passage is fully three tons." After this, I say, to hear "that the average tonnage of an hour's playing of Chopin's music varies from twelve to eighty-four tons," is a mere detail not in any way calculated to startle.

In connection with this little but important question of attack, there is a point which I have never seen in any way explained to students, or even commented on in the multitudinous books on piano-playing. It is this—a good pianist raises his hands *before he strikes the keys*, a bad pianist raises them *after*. In brief, a good pianist raises his hand and attacks his chords from above (and generally the louder the tone required, the higher the hand); while a bad pianist jams his or her hands into the keys, and *then*, and then only, inanely flourishes them in the air under the impression that he is copying what he has seen a great artist do.

The difference is simple, and rarely noticed, but—it is vital.

Our Round Table.

—:O:—

IS THE MUSICAL PROFESSION OVERCROWDED? IF SO, WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

SIR A. C. MACKENZIE, PROFESSOR NIECKS, DR. H. A. HARDING, MR. E. CHADFIELD, DR. WILLIAM LEMARE,
MR. W. H. CUMMINGS, AND DR. F. MERRICK.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie Answers the First Question. My time is so fully occupied that I have little or no leisure for thinking over such problems. My own opinion is, however, that the musical profession is no more overcrowded than any other.

Professor Niecks will not suggest a Remedy. Your question, "Is the musical profession overcrowded?" can only be answered with an emphatic "Yes." If, however, you slightly alter the wording, and ask: "Is the profession overcrowded with good musicians?" the answer will be an almost equally emphatic "No." But whilst one may expect unanimity in the answers to the former question, there cannot but be the reverse in the answers to the latter. For how many will agree as to what constitutes a good teacher, performer, or conductor?

Dr. Harding gives some Excellent Advice. In reply to your question, my experience has always been that the musical profession is not overcrowded, at least not by well educated and fully qualified musicians. Every teacher of music I know, who is capable both mentally and physically of doing his work well, has an abundance of pupils. I can see, however, that organists who have neglected to thoroughly study the pianoforte, are subject to a fierce competition with the rapidly increasing number of really good lady pianoforte teachers; but surely this is the organist's own fault in neglecting pianoforte technique.

As far as I can see, in the provinces, the cause of most of the complaints as to the overcrowding of the profession arises from the fact that organists try to teach nearly every instrument and subject connected with music, the result being that they are not able to hold their own with those who thoroughly master one special branch of professional work. I advise young musicians to make a point of being absolutely efficient in one or two subjects (it is impossible to do more), not to neglect self-culture, and they will, at least for the present, find plenty of remunerative employment.

Mr. Chadfield Pins his Faith to Registration. My general idea is that the musical profession, although overcrowded, is not more so than other professions, but that there is this essential difference, that in the musical profession the overcrowding is from below and not from above. That it is the untrained teachers that crowd the profession, and not those who are really qualified musicians. The following quotations from a paper I read at the Dublin Conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians express my present opinion as to the remedy. "Registration is . . . the best and simplest means of separating the wheat from the chaff; the only way of publishing to the world the names of those who have succeeded in qualifying themselves for the discharge of the duties they have undertaken. . . . The general public does not possess the requisite knowledge to distinguish between the false and the true, to weigh the merits or demerits of competing practitioners, and, without some trustworthy guide, is constantly liable to become the prey of charlatanism, of self-assumption, of ignorance and pretension combined. Do we not see examples of

this in all directions and on every hand? . . . I would ask: Will it be better to have a register of trained and educated musicians, or to remain without one? Will it be better for the public to have a reliable guide, or be, as now, without guidance? Will it be to the advantage of qualified musicians to be officially registered, or better for them to go out into the world on the same level as those without qualification? And will it or will it not be better for music itself that its teachers should be organised and qualified? To my mind, to ask these questions is to answer them in the affirmative."

Dr. Lemare thinks Registration is no good. To the first question I emphatically answer "No." That members of the profession experience a difficulty in obtaining a sufficiently remunerative means of living, is universally admitted; but that is not always caused by overcrowding. Take away half the number of professional men in a town, would the remaining number benefit largely? I think not. A professional man's connection is generally formed from the position his ability enables him to take. If he enters a town by means of a church appointment, he at once secures the interest of members of the congregation, and that forms his centre around which he may work. If he comes without such an appointment, his reputation, or perhaps his speciality, opens out a field for work. In very few cases does he encroach upon the ground of another. There is a difficulty in obtaining adequate remuneration, but from what cause? The present examination craze, the preponderance of semi-professional teachers, and last (but not least) the immense increase of schools of music.

Will registration put a stop to these things? Certainly not, unless those registered, and those alone, are allowed to teach, and this can never be done. Will registration check the semi-professional and the amateur teacher? Never; and if it does, it will take away a large slice from the professional man's work. The effort of the amateur to become a teacher gives the professor work. What, then, is the professional man to do? Put up with the present state of affairs. It is the development of our go-ahead times. The tradesman experiences the same thing; "stores" have altered his method of business. He must put up with it, or think out fresh channels by which to obtain business. The times will not go back to suit our convenience; we must accommodate ourselves to the requirements of the present day. There is no art that has made such strides as music; it is leaving the old-fashioned professor in the background. If his occupation, as it was in olden times, has gone, he must seek to keep himself in the front by his own exertions, not by keeping out others as registration would try to do. A professional man will always take his stand according to his ability in his profession, be it ever so full.

Mr. Cummings cannot discuss the Questions, but Recognises their Importance. I am just preparing for a long and arduous examination tour, and regret I have not time to reply to your inquiries. They are too important to be dealt with in a cursory manner.

Dr. Merriek has a Simple Remedy. In answer to the first part of your query, I may say that I do not think the profession overcrowded with good musicians. The overcrowding is, in my opinion, amongst the only moderately well equipped. Individually, the cure for this is harder work. Let the performer, or teacher, improve himself by six months' good study, and I feel sure he will obtain more engagements. If he is too busy for this, he must be already earning a good income. If his terms are low,

and therefore in spite of hard work he does not earn enough, let him raise them somewhat. This will probably result in as good an income, with more time for self-improvement. As for those who are ill-fitted for their work, and too lazy to make themselves qualified, and yet wish to earn enough to live upon, I fear there is no escape from the law of the survival of the fittest.

[I beg to acknowledge the kind and valuable co-operation of the gentlemen whose names are given above.—ED.]

How I Heard Patti.

THE path of pleasure and the path of duty run, as a rule, in opposite directions; but when I received instructions from the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC to attend the Patti concert at Bournemouth on the 10th of last month, I realized that, for once at least, my lot had fallen in a fair ground. A visit to the queen of watering-places is a luxury not to be thought lightly of, and when a chance of listening to the greatest *prima donna* of the age is coupled with it, who is there that would not jump at the prospect?

When the managers of the Winter Gardens suggested bringing Madame Patti and her concert party to Bournemouth, many people shook their heads dubiously, and said, "It can't pay"; but, in spite of the enormous expense of the undertaking, the counsel of Mr. Dan Godfrey and his enterprising supporters prevailed. Whether the results, in a pecuniary sense, justified their anticipations, I cannot say; but I will venture to assert that the occasion was one which will long live in the memory of every one present.

The morning was cold and stormy, but Bournemouth rose superior to climatic conditions, and was astir with bustle and excitement. Visitors, many of whom poured into the town for the day, and residents alike were bent upon taking advantage of what, to some of them, was the chance of a lifetime, and long before three o'clock, the hour fixed for the concert, the various roads leading to the Winter Gardens presented a busy appearance.

As the afternoon advanced, the sun broke through the heavy clouds, and penetrated the glazed roof of the Pavilion. Bright flowers, stately palms, and gorged toilets combined to make the scene thus illuminated a brilliant one; nor must I forget the civic fathers, who, in the glory of their official robes, graced the proceedings. Altogether, the audience must have numbered thousands, nearly every available seat being occupied.

The concert party, besides Madame Patti, consisted of Miss Ada Crossley, whose beautiful contralto voice and perfect style make her a favourite wherever she goes; Mr. Robert Eadie; Mr. John Morley; the Columbians, a clever quartet of lady vocalists who sing plantation songs, to the accompaniment of banjo and guitar, in a peculiarly fascinating manner; Mr. John Lemmoné; Herr Franz Liebich; and Mr. F. T. Watkins. But to many who were present, Herr Liebich's fine pianoforte playing, with which the programme commenced, and Mr.

Lemmoné's performance upon the flute—perfect enough to modify the not too favourable opinion I had hitherto held of that instrument—served but as preludes to the one performance they had come wholly and solely to hear.

There was breathless silence when the time came for the *diva* to make her appearance, and all eyes turned eagerly towards the door by which the platform is reached. Suddenly a light, dainty figure tripped upon the stage, and stood bowing and smiling in response to the cheers which echoed and re-echoed through the building.

Madame Patti's first song was "Bel Raggio," and, dare I say it? I was disappointed. It is my fault, I suppose, but, apart from the operatic stage, such music as this does not impress me, even when sung by Madame Patti. I was alone, however, in my want of appreciation, and the applause which followed Rossini's "Cavatina" was so enthusiastic, and, withal, so contagious, that I soon found myself clapping as vigorously as my neighbours. It was in "Voi che sapete" that the great singer rose to her full height. There was the matchless voice—who shall gainsay that? There was the perfect art. Let those who say that Patti is no longer supreme find a vocalist who could sing Mozart's lovely air as she sang it that afternoon.

"I'm dying to hear 'The Last Rose of Summer,'" said a lady behind me to another who sat next her.

"And I do hope she'll sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' for an encore," was the response.

"Yes. But, do you know, I've heard that she does all sorts of funny things in these songs; puts on two lines at the end of 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and takes breath at the wrong places in 'Home, Sweet Home.' Of course, it can't be true."

"Of course not."

But it was.

I made a note of these startling liberties, as a critic should do, and entered a mental protest against them. But the next moment I caught myself listening approvingly to the comments of the lady behind me.

"Did you notice anything, dear?"

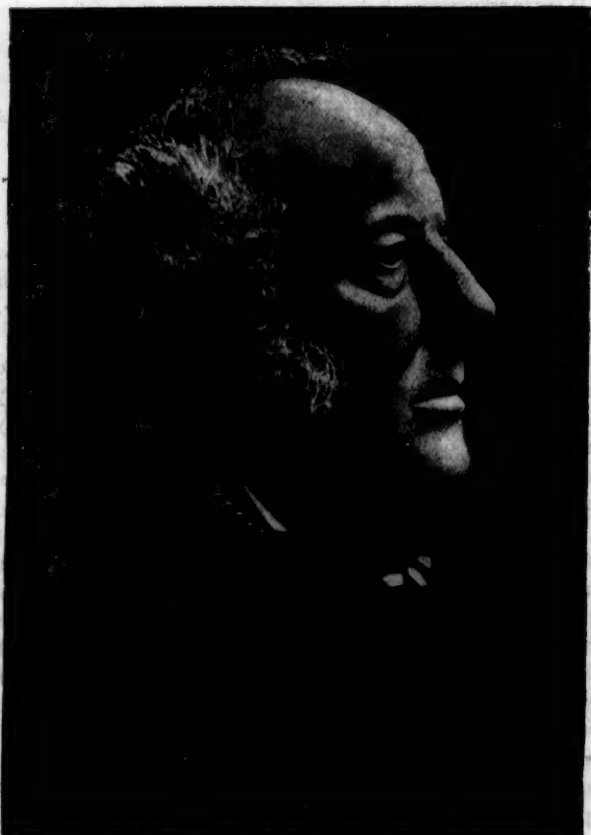
"Only how delightful, how perfectly charming it was."

And, strange as it may seem, I never want to hear "The Last Rose of Summer" or "Home, Sweet Home" sung again, except by Patti herself.

W. B.



Sir John Millais.



His Artistic Pedigree. LIKE Topsy, Sir John had, artistically, no parent. He "grewed." This is not to say he had no producing cause. Even the most exclusive and original among us has that. But just as children appear, who have ways of doing their reading, writing, and 'rithmetic peculiar to themselves, so Sir John did his oil-painting in a way of his own—at least after the first elementary lessons. Practically, we do not know him as a painter until after his putting forth the "Carpenter's Shop." His chrysalis state changed in doing it, and his wings having appeared, they bore him more and more strongly about the wide gardens of Art.

The Two Notes he Struck. In that work two notes are struck, or rather one chord—fact, and veracity in describing fact. It is by the resonance of this chord that he will remain the most noteworthy painter of the middle of our century. These two qualities are really far more important in his first religious work than any religious or ethical ideas in it. That he had ethical notions and beliefs may be admitted; but the picture was founded on a conviction that the *straight* way in art was of more importance to find than the *strait* way in the religious life. Art had philandered into such tasteful insincerities, with its thin ideas about madonnas and martyrs, etc., that some sharp pull-up was necessary to get back into human and rational courses of thought again. No more of your disbelieved symbols, and your studio holiness! Let us begin afresh.

How in all likelihood did the reality at the bottom of this "Holy Family" myth look? There was a carpenter's shop? Very well, then make the shop *like* a shop, not like a cross between an English vestry and a Parisian boudoir. Let every vein of wood, every steel tool, every shaving and chip, and the general earthliness be given. Let Joseph and his wife and boy appear as common-placedly as their neighbours and near relations saw them. Let their flesh be rendered in its look of ordinary sunburnedness, not without a tincture of the soil. We have had a surfeit of the beauty of holiness, in the drawing-room and vestry sense, ending up with mere sickliness of pearl powder and macassar oil. *Now*, let the family be given with no beauty or comeliness—workpeople's hands, and plebeian's dry hair and garments. "Ugliness, so long as thou art true, be thou *my* beauty!" In accordance with these revolutionary and un-curate-like ideas, was the "Carpenter's Shop" painted.

Not many noticed it, but those who did never forgot it. And amid all his varied experiments as to subject, the painter himself seems never to have forgotten it either. Something of that new-birth picture is felt in his most successfully fashionable portraits, and in his most popularly pathetic subject-pictures of later years. Needless to say this turning to the common, the ordinary, was not from bluntness to beauty, but exactly by reason of a quick sensitiveness to it. Millais is no Dutchman—blind to all beauty but that of gradations of cool or warm, transparent or opaque tints, and balanced patches of shade and light. Had he never done aught save the girl's face and hands in the "Huguenot," we should have known better than to dream that. His courtship of ugliness, brief as it was, came about by the violence of reaction against the inanity of conventional beauty; against the almost general habit of ignoring, not only unfashionable truths, but even unfashionable beauties. In the search for harmony by the use of subdued colours the studios "forgot the blue above the trees"; lost memory of the greenness of leaves, and the brownness of flesh, and even the belief in open air seemed gone out.

The young men who, half in fun, took on the supremely inconsequent name of pre-Raphaelites were really never in touch with tradition-taught schools before Raphael at all. One motive they had in common with such schools—a wish to make the best use of their available skill to give out their own ideas of beauty. Of beauty, the only one among them competent to speak was, and remains, Millais. Rossetti, with as open a heart to begin with, closed it more and more against the inexhaustible variety of nature's types by fixing too faddishly on one. Holman Hunt, in accepting anything nature placed before him as beauty, by ill-luck became so enamoured of commonplace specimens, that the power to know the meaning and value of human beauty and expression disappeared, and he invites us in vain to fall in sympathy with the squatness, the dumpiness, and the grimace of various members of his Holy Family. But though as individuals their ideas failed, the collective P.R.B. succeeded in achieving all, and more than all, it consciously set out towards

Millais went on, now in one direction, now in another, triumphantly exciting war among adherents and opponents; every little while touching the general heart with some perfectly-painted bit of loveliness, which hinted his power over greater things to come. The "Huguenot" reached the last perfection of facial expression in telling of the girl's wish to save her lover at expense of an acted lie, and of the lover's equally tender but irrevocable denial of her wish. This perfect pathos silences the charge of crudeness in other parts of the picture. And, in the "Apple Blossom," a picture so strange at first sight because of its absolute freedom from studio artifices, we lose heart to utter our sense of the overdone strength in the figures, by reason of our delight in the perfect rendering of the emerald orchard foliage and the unfooted meadow grass beneath it. This, to some, was literally a shocking picture, especially to painters, whose belief in "composition," its vertical and horizontal masses outraged. It was, in fact, an apotheosis of the commonplace; a palpable flout of what had been defined as the "eye of imagination"; a revelation of the true beauty the unscaled eye of flesh could see and transcribe. It may be said of this work that it is harsh—lacks the benignity of nature's brightness when at her brightest; but one thing must be admitted: no one can see it without at once being swept away to the realities and purities of nature, where is no trace of studio artifice or affectation at all.

"The Carpenter's Shop," and "Apple Blossom," and "Autumn Leaves" are examples fully showing the special features of Millais' style—those in which his difference from other artists lies. After a hiatus of some years came a picture that may be added to the above group, because, though the poetic imagination helped in working it out, yet there is the peculiar reliance on fact even in the use of the Satanic symbols of the horns; which shapes the kerchief round the man's head is made to personate. The "Enemy Sowing Tares" seems to have rounded off Millais' realistic life's work, and as it did so showed that the painter had profound imaginative capabilities, but preferred to suppress them. After the brilliant cycle of early work is scanned, Millais' apparent isolation ceases. It is true some of the portraits (that made a supplementary reputation for him) appear as purely Millaisian work; but the later works are so imbued with reflections from the schools as almost to merge his originality in adopted mannerisms. Many of the portraits fall far beneath the splendour and dignity of "Hearts are Trumps," and the two of Lady Archibald Campbell, as a child, and in maturity. Occasionally there used to appear on the Academy walls a departure on other than scholastic lines, as in that of Mrs. Bomfontein, where there appeared a scheme of colour, expressed in Millaisian terms, which was strangely akin to Whistler's "Queen of Porcelain-land," when they almost faced each other in the Piccadilly "Institute" some years ago. As a landscape-painter Millais' bounds have been set, apparently, by somewhat imperfect sight. He never seems to get beyond the foreground. As foreground studies they have, some of them, evidenced his best powers of *technique*, but having in

sky and distance so much unstoried space, they do not fall naturally into line with the earlier foregrounds with figures, of which the "Huguenot" is type.

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T. R.

Sir John Millais.



His Artistic Pedigree.

LIKE Topsy, Sir John had, artistically, no parent. He "grewed." This is not to say he had no producing cause. Even the most exclusive and original among us has that. But just as children appear, who have ways of doing their reading, writing, and 'rithmetic peculiar to themselves, so Sir John did his oil-painting in a way of his own—at least after the first elementary lessons. Practically, we do not know him as a painter until after his putting forth the "Carpenter's Shop." His chrysalis state changed in doing it, and his wings having appeared, they bore him more and more strongly about the wide gardens of Art.

The Two Notes he Struck.

In that work two notes are struck, or rather one chord—fact, and veracity in describing fact. It is by the resonance of this chord that he will remain the most noteworthy painter of the middle of our century. These two qualities are really far more important in his first religious work than any religious or ethical ideas in it. That he had ethical notions and beliefs may be admitted; but the picture was founded on a conviction that the *straight* way in art was of more importance to find than the *strait* way in the religious life. Art had philandered into such tasteful insincerities, with its thin ideas about madonnas and martyrs, etc., that some sharp pull-up was necessary to get back into human and rational courses of thought again. No more of your disbelieved symbols, and your studio holiness! Let us begin afresh.

How in all likelihood did the reality at the bottom of this "Holy Family" myth look? There was a carpenter's shop? Very well, then make the shop *like* a shop, not like a cross between an English vestry and a Parisian boudoir. Let every vein of wood, every steel tool, every shaving and chip, and the general earthliness be given. Let Joseph and his wife and boy appear as common-placedly as their neighbours and near relations saw them. Let their flesh be rendered in its look of ordinary sunburnedness, not without a tincture of the soil. We have had a surfeit of the beauty of holiness, in the drawing-room and vestry sense, ending up with mere sickness of pearl powder and macassar oil. *Now*, let the family be given with no beauty or comeliness—workpeople's hands, and plebeian's dry hair and garments. "Ugliness, so long as thou art true, be thou *my* beauty!" In accordance with these revolutionary and un-curate-like ideas, was the "Carpenter's Shop" painted.

Not many noticed it, but those who did never forgot it. And amid all his varied experiments as to subject, the painter himself seems never to have forgotten it either. Something of that new-birth picture is felt in his most successfully fashionable portraits, and in his most popularly pathetic subject-pictures of later years. Needless to say this turning to the common, the ordinary, was not from bluntness to beauty, but exactly by reason of a quick sensitiveness to it. Millais is no Dutchman—blind to all beauty but that of gradations of cool or warm, transparent or opaque tints, and balanced patches of shade and light. Had he never done aught save the girl's face and hands in the "Huguenot," we should have known better than to dream that. His courtship of ugliness, brief as it was, came about by the violence of reaction against the inanity of conventional beauty; against the almost general habit of ignoring, not only unfashionable truths, but even unfashionable beauties. In the search for harmony by the use of subdued colours the studios "forgot the blue above the trees"; lost memory of the greenness of leaves, and the brownness of flesh, and even the belief in open air seemed gone out.

The young men who, half in fun, took on the supremely inconsequent name of pre-Raphaelites were really never in touch with tradition-taught schools before Raphael at all. One motive they had in common with such schools—a wish to make the best use of their available skill to give out their own ideas of beauty. Of beauty, the only one among them competent to speak was, and remains, Millais. Rossetti, with as open a heart to begin with, closed it more and more against the inexhaustible variety of nature's types by fixing too faddishly on one. Holman Hunt, in accepting anything nature placed before him as beauty, by ill-luck became so enamoured of commonplace specimens, that the power to know the meaning and value of human beauty and expression disappeared, and he invites us in vain to fall in sympathy with the squatness, the dumpiness, and the grimace of various members of his Holy Family. But though as individuals their ideas failed, the collective P.R.B. succeeded in achieving all, and more than all, it consciously set out towards.

Millais went on, now in one direction, now in another, triumphantly exciting war among adherents and opponents; every little while touching the general heart with some perfectly-painted bit of loveliness, which hinted his power over greater things to come. The "Huguenot" reached the last perfection of facial expression in telling of the girl's wish to save her lover at expense of an acted lie, and of the lover's equally tender but irrevocable denial of her wish. This perfect pathos silences the charge of crudeness in other parts of the picture. And, in the "Apple Blossom," a picture so strange at first sight because of its absolute freedom from studio artifices, we lose heart to utter our sense of the overdone strength in the figures, by reason of our delight in the perfect rendering of the emerald orchard foliage and the unfooted meadow grass beneath it. This, to some, was literally a shocking picture, especially to painters, whose belief in "composition," its vertical and horizontal masses outraged. It was, in fact, an apotheosis of the commonplace; a palpable flout of what had been defined as the "eye of imagination"; a revelation of the true beauty the unscaled eye of flesh could see and transcribe. It may be said of this work that it is harsh—lacks the benignity of nature's brightness when at her brightest; but one thing must be admitted: no one can see it without at once being swept away to the realities and purities of nature, where is no trace of studio artifice or affectation at all.

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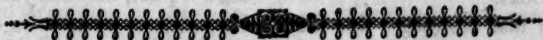
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T. R.



Letters from a Cathedral Chorister.

IV.

WELLMINSTER.

MY DEAR GUY,—

It seems ages ago I wrote to you; the last time, I believe, was before we broke up. Now, here we are with the holidays over, and nothing to look forward to for months.

You said when I was at home that I didn't tell you much about our singing and the cathedral music. Well, there is so little to tell, that, if I were to write about that and nothing else, you would not get more than one letter a year.

My mater sent me a book the other day about "Life in a Cathedral School," which makes everything out to be grand and jolly. The man who wrote it calls himself "An old Chorister," but I don't believe he is anything of the sort. This is a sample of things he says:

"What a delightful life we singing boys live! It is our privilege to spend the earlier years of our lives under the shadow of the great cathedral, and take an active part in its glorious services. We breathe the pure atmosphere of music, and receive constant training in the beautiful art. He must be a callous boy indeed who does not value such advantages as these, or fails in reverence and affection for the sacred building which becomes his second home."

Fancy a chorister boy going on like that! Why, the only "training in the beautiful art" we get here is a slogging from the Dean if we sing very outrageously badly, or chocolates and cigarettes from Faith, Hope and Charity if we happen to sing well. As to reverence, that's all very well, but it's not the sort of thing that wants too much practice. You get stale at it after a bit, that's the fact. You didn't ought to, of course, but you do. If you don't believe what I say, you should have been at the cathedral last Sunday morning.

Midgeley began it as we were going across the green to church. "Old Barebones is going to preach, isn't he?" he said. "If he gives us another of his overdoses, I mean to be even with him. So just look out, you fellows; and don't be frightened at anything short of an earthquake."

"Barebones" is a pet name for one of the Canons, who preaches for an hour at a stretch, and has worn himself so fine that you could shoot peas through him.

"You had better be careful, Midgeley," remarked somebody. "There'll be an awful flare up one of these days over your larks, and you'll be expelled, or some other fine thing. Then you'll wish you had held in a bit."

"Expelled be blowed," said Midgeley. "If they want to get rid of me, I shan't trouble them to say so twice. I could get into Moore and Burgess's to-morrow if I liked, and who wouldn't rather be in London than here in this sleepy hole?"

We reached the cloister door, and nothing more was said.

By the time the sermon began I had forgotten all about the matter, and kept on wondering what made Midgeley, who sits opposite me, so fidgetty with his books.

Old Barebones showed rare form that morning. He went on and on without any sign of being blown, till I thought he was in for a record. I looked round at the fellows, and they

were all asleep—Midgeley included—so, settling down in my own comfortable corner, I followed suit.

I began to dream about the Canon. He was preaching, and up in the roof, exactly over the pulpit, I dreamt I could see Midgeley with the big lectern Bible in his hand, held just ready to drop on the old man's head. I tried to call out, but, before I had time to do so, down came the big Bible.

Crash! I was wide awake in a twinkling, and so were the rest. I glanced across at Midgeley, and there he sat in his place, rubbing his eyes and looking as innocent as a baby. Everybody seemed to wonder where the noise came from; one or two people got up and went out, and altogether there was a scene, I can tell you. Poor old Barebones went on—he was still alive, I felt thankful for that—but he slowed down when he found no one was listening to him, and soon came to a stop. The last hymn went anyhow, and everybody was glad when the service was over.

I didn't get the chance of walking back to school with the others, for Mr. Robinson button-holed me, and tried to pump me, but I was quite dry. When we were going to bed, Midgeley whispered something in my ear.

"Those big anthem books make a good rattle if they happen to fall, don't they?"

"How did you manage it?" I said.

"Purely an accident. The blessed thing fell off the desk and just escaped my toes. Funny it didn't fall outside, where it could be seen, wasn't it?" And he winked.

"Do you think Mr. Anscombe will blow? He must have seen the whole trick."

"No, he's game enough. But Mary; what about her? She sat behind, you know; hang her!"

"Oh, I'll answer for her," I said.

Next day we expected a breeze, but it didn't come. Mary hasn't looked at Midgeley since, though; and she says he is a very bad boy, and she hopes I shall have nothing to do with him.

I had almost forgotten to mention that the Old Boys' meeting, which takes place every year, is coming off on Monday, so I shall be able to tell you all about it in my next letter. I have often wondered what happens to fellows when they leave here, and now I suppose I shall solve the mystery. Maggs says they go to sing among the angels; but, of course, that's only his fooling.

"I don't believe they sing at all," said Perkins Major one day, when we were trying to settle the matter.

"If they do, it's in the street, I should say, from the look of them," added Midgeley.

"Let's find out next Old Boy's Day," suggested Perkins, and we all agreed that it was a good idea.

I must stop now, for I've got a page of Latin to get up, and don't know a line of it yet. If you see my mater, don't tell her what I say about the book. It was awfully good of her to send it; but, between you and me, it's all tommy.

Love to everybody,

From your affectionate Friend,

BERNARD STARR.

Wagner on Conducting.

MR. ASHTON ELLIS continues steadily in the laborious task of turning into English the voluminous prose writings of Wagner. The contents of the fourth volume, which has just been issued, are roughly summarized under the head "Art and Politics," because they include the essays on "State and Religion" and "German Art and German Policy," which were the first-fruits of Wagner's lucky association with King Ludwig of Bavaria. These essays mark the date of a great change in the career and prospects of the composer. In the early part of April, 1864, he was in the depths of despair, his aims misunderstood, his works unrecognised, save by a few, the prospect of their ever being popularized by adequate performance still afar off. Suddenly the *deus ex machina* appears in the person of Ludwig, who, becoming the friend and patron of the composer, enables him to realize the dreams of his years of exile. Wagner's struggles were, of course, not yet ended: he had still intrigue and hostility to fight against almost to the end; but his way was to a great extent made smooth. And it was inevitable that a man of large enthusiasm should, in the circumstances, revise his ideas of kingship, and its relations to religion and art. These find expression in the first two essays in this volume.

But the most interesting part of the book is the "Essay on Conducting," which is written with all the force of a man of genius. The original first appeared in 1869, and, as might be expected, produced a considerable sensation in the musical world. It had, indeed, a stormy reception, for it was neither more nor less than an uncompromising attack on the accepted notions and habits of the German school of music. Wagner was not the man to conceal his opinions or to choose the most suave and inoffensive method of giving them utterance. In an early page, for instance, he thus expresses himself as to the way in which conductors of orchestras in Germany obtained their appointments at that time. It will, of course, be remembered that the leading theatres in that country are subsidized by the State.

Perhaps those who have been thus advanced to posts of honour, are themselves cognisant of how they got there—to an unpractised observer it is rather difficult to discern their particular merits. The so-called "good berths" are reached step by step: men move on and push upwards. I believe the Court orchestra at Berlin has got the majority of its conductors in this way. Now and then, however, things come to pass in a more erratic manner; grand personages, hitherto unknown, suddenly begin to flourish under the protection of the lady-in-waiting to some princess, etc., etc. It is impossible to estimate the harm done to our leading orchestras and opera theatres by such nonentities. Devoid of real merit, they keep their posts by abject cringing to the chief Court official, and by polite submission to the indolence of their musical subordinates. Relinquishing the pretence of artistic discipline, which they are unable to enforce, they are always ready to give way or to obey any absurd orders from headquarters; and such conductors, under favourable circumstances, have even been known to become popular favourites!

Wagner's chief complaint is that conductors do not give the compositions as they are written, and according to the composer's indication of his intentions. "To do this is, in his view, the be-all and the end-all of conducting; and the principle certainly seems a highly reasonable one. The main point to be attended to, he further states, is the *tempo*. "The whole

duty of a conductor is comprised in his ability to always indicate the right *tempo*." To most people this would appear a comparatively simple matter, but our essayist declares that it is nothing of the sort. There is always a tendency, we are told, to hurry the time, and the reason of this Wagner illustrates by reference to Mendelssohn.

Mendelssohn himself once remarked to me, with regard to conducting, that he thought most harm was done by taking a *tempo* too slow; and that, on the contrary, he always recommended quick *tempi* as being less detrimental. Really good execution, he thought, was at all times a rare thing, but shortcomings might be disguised if care was taken that they should not appear very prominent; and the best way to do this was "to get over the ground quickly."

Wagner, of course, has several hits at Mendelssohn, of whom he has a very poor opinion, which he is at no pains to conceal. Beethoven, on the other hand, he regards with nothing short of veneration. In this connection we have the following anecdote:

I was about to rehearse a symphony by a very amiable elderly contrapuntist, Mr. Potter, if I mistake not. The composer approached me in a pleasant way, and asked me to take the *andante* rather quickly, as he feared it might prove tedious. I assured him that his *andante*, no matter how short its duration might be, would inevitably prove tedious if it was played in a vapid and inexpressive manner; whereas if the orchestra could be got to play the very pretty and ingenious theme, as I felt confident he meant it and as I now sang it to him, it would certainly please. Mr. Potter was touched; he agreed, and excused himself, saying that latterly he had not been in the habit of reckoning upon this sort of orchestral playing. In the evening, after the *andante*, he joyfully pressed my hand.

Wagner admits, however, that with some pieces the tendency is to take them too slow. Mozart, we are reminded, wished the *presto* in the overture to *Figaro* to be played as rapidly as possible. He goaded his orchestra with such persistence that at length, to their own surprise, they had a successful rehearsal. Thereupon Mozart remarked, "That was beautiful; let us take it still quicker this evening!"

But perhaps the thing that rouses Wagner's ire most is the vapid and colourless style which shrinks from bold effects for fear of extravagance. He says that Mendelssohn used to admonish his pupils "not to think of effect when composing, and to avoid everything that might prove meretriciously impressive." This school Wagner sarcastically describes as the "musical temperance society." His wrath is further excited—and very naturally so—by the practice, in which conductors frequently indulge, of "cutting" the works they have to interpret. He had suffered so much at their hands himself that he might be excused for speaking warmly. "Cut! cut!" he says, "this is the *ultima ratio* of our conductors. By its aid they establish a satisfactory equilibrium between their own incompetence and the proper execution of the artistic tasks before them."

It will be seen that there is a good deal of asperity in this essay; but that is only natural in the case of one who, with a conviction of his own genius, sets himself to fight against what he believes to be the degradation of the art to which he has devoted his life. His struggle, at least, has not been unproductive of results.

Eugen d'Albert, English (!) Pianist and Composer.

EUGEN D'ALBERT will make his first appearance in England since attaining so unique a position in the Musical World in the Queen's Hall at the first Mottl Concert, playing the "Emperor" Concerto of Beethoven. Thus in effect runs the diplomatic announcement of the reappearance, after a lapse of fifteen years, of an artist on whom England once placed great hopes as one of her most musically gifted children. I say diplomatic because, while the announcement is true externally, it does not in any way cover the ground as it would appear to do to a casual observer only. It may be urged that nothing is to be gained by reviving the faults of a hasty youth against the country that educated him, but, on the other hand, it might be said that as long as no regret is felt or expressed for the past so long will our just anger and disgust at such a poor return rankle within us and endeavour to express itself. That Eugen d'Albert's early treatment of us has not been forgotten there are many indications to those who are in the least degree in touch with such matters, and to help to account for that feeling a sketch of our hero's life will be of most benefit.

Herr (let us be particular about his desired title) Eugen d'Albert was born, according to all authorities, in Glasgow, April 10, 1864. At an early age he became pupil of the National Training School, Newcastle, and was later elected Queen's Scholar, his teachers being Stainer, Pauer, Prout, and Sullivan. He was recommended to the Mendelssohn Scholarship by Sir Arthur Sullivan, which, however, he held for one year only, in consequence of non-compliance with the regulations under which it is held. He made several appearances in public at concerts in London, in 1880 and 1881, notably at the Pops, the Philharmonic and the Crystal Palace, playing such works as his own Concerto for piano and orchestra, Schumann's A minor Concerto and Symphonic Studies, Mendelssohn's E minor Prelude and Fugue, etc., etc.; performances also being given of an overture for orchestra alone. He was then sent abroad to continue his studies, which were superintended by Franz Liszt and Richter. In 1883 the *Musical Standard* published a short sketch of his life in its columns, which was shortly after translated into German and reproduced in the *New Musik-Zeitung*, of Cologne. This drew forth from Herr d'Albert the following choice letter:

"MUCH-HONOURED MR. EDITOR,—

"A short time ago I received a copy of your excellent paper containing a sketch of my life. Permit me to correct a few errors I find therein. Above all things I scorn the title, "English Pianist." Unfortunately I studied a considerable time in that land of fogs, but during that time *I learnt absolutely nothing*; indeed, had I remained there much longer, I should have gone to utter ruin (!) You are consequently wrong in stating in your article that the Englishmen mentioned (this refers to Stainer, Sullivan, Pauer, and Prout) were my "teachers." From them I learnt nothing, and indeed no one could learn anything properly from them. I have to thank my father, Hans Richter, and Franz

Liszt, for everything. It is my decided opinion, moreover, that the system of general musical instruction in England is such that any talent following its rules must become fruitless. Only since I left that barbarous land have I begun to live. And I live now for the unique, true, glorious, German art!

"EUGEN D'ALBERT.

"Munich, March 29, 1884."

The paper that printed this precious letter felt the impossibility of defending it, and simply inserted it with the remark that the writer was very complimentary to German art. Of course at this time it is scarcely worth while pointing out the contradictions and small spites contained in it. My suggestion as to the treatment of the matter would be this. Let a copy of the letter be printed on each programme of any concert D'Albert plays at; it might, at least, have the effect of making our pianist play with more than usual fire, since it would meet his eye, and thus we should at least get *some* benefit from this episode. The rest of D'Albert's life may be best told by pointing out a few of its more prominent landmarks. Richter produced a Symphony of his at one of his concerts here in May, 1886, and shortly before this the composer appeared at one of the famous Gewandhaus concerts, playing Beethoven's G major Concerto and the Brahms-Handel variations, repeating the visit in the following year, when he played Brahms' Second Concerto and Liszt's "Don Juan Fantasia," and was criticised for insufficiency of *technique* and fire. He has twice visited America, but his last visit seems to have left a bad impression. Within the last few years he has taken to emulating the late Hans von Bülow by playing six of Beethoven's sonatas at a sitting. Recently, in aid of the Bülow memorial, he measured himself against Koczalski, at Hamburg, with the result that his (D'Albert's) concert had to be postponed in consequence of inadequate support. Of late years he has paid considerable attention to composition, and his works include an opera, a set of fables, an overture, quartet, two pianoforte concertos, a sonata, various other piano pieces, and several songs, all more or less influenced by Brahms. Of his playing, while it is clever, analytically intellectual, and in every detail bears the stamp of great musicianship and enormous study, it is for the most part devoid of sensuous beauty and charm. His *technique* is wanting in polish, and his conceptions, while robust to a degree, are wanting in true nobility. He is not an aristocrat of the keyboard, as is Paderewski, nor a passionate enthusiast for all that is beautiful and good, pouring out its feelings through the keyboard, as was Anton Rubinstein, but he is, in the usually accepted sense of the term, a "fine artist"; he instructs without fascinating, he arouses admiration but not enthusiasm, like his letter to the country that reared him and gave him his musical education free on account of his undoubted talent, his playing is lacking in all the higher feelings and refinements of a fine and noble nature and a great and generous man.

O.



"The Harmonists."



AT a time like this, when "progress" is our watchword, and the wildest extravagances are indulged in in every branch of Art, and pointed to as proofs of advancement, it is interesting to see four young men, who have gone back some two hundred years for their inspiration, and who are working hard to establish a form of musical endeavour for long almost totally deserted.

The existence of the "Meister Glee Singers" and the "Dilettante Quartette" had not so much to do with the formation of "The

Harmonists" as one might think. Indeed, the singing of those two combinations appeared to be so stereotyped and formal to the four enthusiasts, that they decided to avoid, rather than copy, the style of their predecessors. "The Harmonists" sing with much freedom; their effects are not studied beforehand, and reduced to the dead level of a monotonous uniformity; there is an artistic bond of mutual sympathy between them that has much to do with the freshness of their performances. From a very humble commencement the work has so grown, that now they sing on an

average three times a week both "in and out of season," and their ever-extending *répertoire* embraces at the moment upwards of sixty pieces. An Edinburgh lady recently told me that she found "The Harmonists" singing at ninety-nine out of one hundred entertainments! I trust she spoke in metaphor.

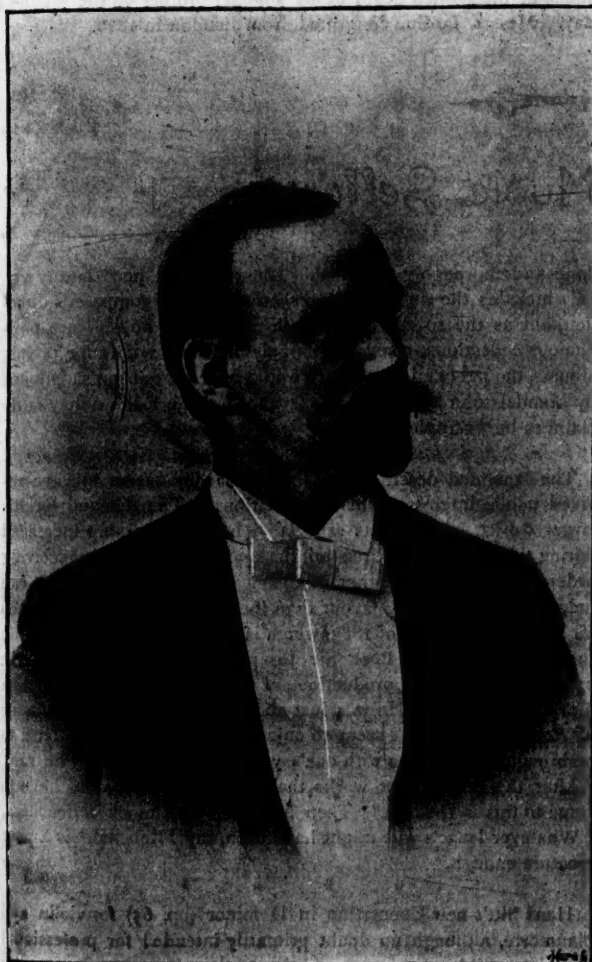
Messrs. James, Thomas, and William Richardson, the alto, 1st and 2nd tenor, are sons of Mr. Thomas Richardson, the composer of "Mary" (one of the greatest successes of late years, and a charming song as well), and brothers of the organist and choirmaster of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth. Mr. J. H. Kennedy, the bass, is a son of the late well-known Scottish vocalist and

humorist, who, with Wilson and Templeton, founded the class of entertainment now carried on by one of his sons, by Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lely, and by others.

"The Harmonists" sang at the January banquet of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, when several authorities, such as Dr. Charles Vincent, Dr. Mann, and Dr. Crow, gave it as their opinion that better glee-singers did not exist. Indeed, many distinguished members of the Society congratulated "The Harmonists" very heartily upon their exquisite finish and beautiful style. Praise like this is always to be valued, and particularly so when, as in the present case, it is so thoroughly deserved.

S. F. H.

Mr. William Kes.



composer, singer, pianist, and conductor of such rare merit could indeed have been nothing else than a helpful spirit.

On Mr. Henschel's resignation at the close of last season, the directors were forced to look about for a successor. After many rumours had been circulated and refuted, such as, that Mottl was coming, the definite announcement was made that Mr. William Kes, of Amsterdam, had been appointed to the vacant post. Born in Dordrecht, in Holland, in 1856, William Kes received his early musical training in his native land, and afterwards at Leipsic, Brussels, and Berlin. In these artistic centres he made rapid progress, studying the violin under Wieniawski, David and Joachim, and composition under the famous Richter. On his return to his native land, he was appointed principal violin at the Park Theatre, Amsterdam, and in a short time was advanced to the post of conductor. His sphere of usefulness was, however, changed soon afterwards, by his gaining the post of Director of the Conservatoire and Conductor of the Orchestra at Dordrecht. Soon the claims of a wider field were forced upon him, and he was appointed to the Conductorship of the Orchestral Concerts in Amsterdam. Here he had full opportunity for the exercise of his abilities, with the result that his orchestra was soon numbered among the first in Europe. These changes had all been in the direction of advance. Every year had seen another round of the ladder scaled; and certainly in one particular, if not in more, Mr. Kes is now at the top.

As a conductor, we in Scotland are now able to speak of him from personal observation. On one occasion I heard the Scottish Orchestra under his baton perform the 7th Symphony of Beethoven. Of that work he gave a reading at once novel and interesting. Apparently aiming at the avoidance of sensationalism, the *tempi* were much slower than those usually taken by Manns. Especially in the *Allegretto*, a movement replete with pathos, the slower tempo was a marked advantage, and also in the *Presto*, where the change of key from D major to F major was made perfectly plain—a feat not always managed by some of our best conductors. Yet on occasion Mr. Kes can make his orchestra play "well up to time," as, for example, in his rendering of the Introduction to Act III. of *Lohengrin*—a piece which receives a true Wagnerian interpretation. His musical memory is quite phenomenal; he conducts everything from Bach to Brahms without the score.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie, in his opening address at the recent I. S. M. Conference, said that wherever ten musicians are gathered together, nine will be composers. Mr. Kes cannot claim to be the tenth. Among his compositions are three sonatas for violin and piano, showing the bent of his mind for the classic form; a cantata for soli, chorus, and orchestra, *The Diver*; concertos for violin and violoncello; and an overture founded upon themes taken from students' popular songs, which was very well received when produced in Glasgow this winter. As a performer on both the piano and violin, he is also more than worthy of mention.

S. FRASER HARRIS.

TO the long list of conductors who have played an important part in the musical culture of Scotland, including such names as the late Von Bülow and Charles Hallé, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Richter, Mr. Manns, and Mr. Henschel, must now be added the name of William Kes. Orchestral music has had a varied and not altogether successful career in the north. Four or five years ago, as most readers are aware, a Limited Company was "floated" in Glasgow under the name of The Scottish Orchestra Company, for the purpose of managing an orchestra of about a hundred performers, and to practically test the possibility of such an organization becoming a paying concern. For three years Mr. George Henschel was the conductor; and his influence for good was most marked. A



The Month's Obituary.



MONS. JULES VIEUXTEMPS, who died very suddenly of apoplexy in the streets of Belfast, on March 21, has for upwards of a quarter of a century been a well-known violoncellist in this country. He was the younger brother of the celebrated violin virtuoso of the same name, and was born in Brussels on March 13, 1832. He studied at the Brussels Conservatoire, and towards the end of the sixties he came to London, where he joined the Opera orchestra, under the late Sir Michael Costa. He followed Costa to Drury Lane in 1871, but some years since he accepted an engagement as violoncellist in the orchestra of Sir Charles Hallé, at Manchester, where he has since resided. He had gone over to Belfast to take part in a performance of Berlioz' *Faust*, given by the Philharmonic Society.

The death is announced at Darmstadt, at the age of seventy-two, of the German poet, OTTO ROQUETTE. He was descended from a French family which had taken refuge in Prussia after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Roquette was Liszt's librettist, and furnished him with *The Legend of St. Elizabeth*.

One of the best-known firms of organ-builders in America is that of Messrs. EDWARD & JOSEPH JARDINE. The heads of the firm were brothers, and curiously enough both died on consecutive days—14th and 15th March—both, too, of heart disease. Mr. Edward Jardine, who visited England last year, and inspected, with great interest, some of our newest organs, was sixty-six years of age, and his death on March 15 was directly caused by the shock at the sudden death of his younger brother on the previous day. Messrs. Jardine emigrated from London in 1846.



Notes by a Music-Seller.



TRULY, of the making of musical books there is no end. Every week, if not every day, a large number of works, didactic or practical, dealing with various departments of the art, are issued by the different publishing firms, and placed upon the market. That they find a sale there can be no doubt, although the constant demand is somewhat difficult to account for. The other day, on receiving a supply of Mr. Franklin Peterson's "Elements of Music," I was astonished to see upon the title-page those words so dear to an author's soul, "Second Edition." Fancy that! and it was not more than three or four months ago the book made its first appearance in the world. Of course such immediate success as this is phenomenal, especially when one considers the excellence of existing works on the subject. What is the explanation? Simply this, that the author, by eschewing technical terms and elaborate definitions, has come down to the young student's level, and written a book not so much for teachers as for the pupils themselves.

* * * *

A quotation from Mr. Peterson's Preface will give an idea of the plan of the work.

"I had in my mind the wants and necessities of certain classes and pupils who neither desire nor need to study the Mezzo-Soprano and the Baritone Clefs, the key of seven sharps, the complete table of Time Signatures (half of which they will never see), or the various Italian and shorthand signs which make many an 'Element' book a terror."

These are brave and sensible words. But the author evidently does not profess to "prepare pupils for examinations."

* * * *

Mr. Franklin Peterson, who is a graduate of Oxford University and resides in Edinburgh, is well known as a musical lecturer. I heard him discourse on *Parsifal* some years ago (he is an ardent Wagnerite), and was struck by his earnest, if somewhat lofty style. That he can descend to smaller things is proved by the admirable little volume of which I have been speaking.

* * * *

I am often asked for a well-fingered edition of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and was glad to receive the very thing from Messrs. Wickins & Co. the other day. The Grosvenor College Edition, as it is called, is clearly printed from engraved plates (full music size); and, with the exception of the title-page, which is certainly not artistic, tastefully got up. The fingering is carefully

done and thoroughly practical. The volume, I need hardly say, only includes the six books published under the composer's direction, but as the so-called "seventh and eighth books" are posthumous collections, consisting largely of trifles written for private albums, the publication of which would never have been sanctioned by Mendelssohn himself, the Grosvenor College Edition may fairly claim to be "complete."

* * * *

The lamented death of Sir Joseph Barnby seems to have revived public interest in his compositions. The demand for his larger works, his cantatas especially, has considerably increased during the past two or three months, and I am constantly receiving orders for one or the other of them. *Rebekah*, so far as I can judge, meets with more favour than the *Dominus Regnavit*, written for the Leeds festival of 1883, which is nevertheless immeasurably the stronger work. Poor Sir Joseph! He had a very slight opinion of his earlier production. I remember a chat I had with him only last year. He was just about to conduct a performance of *Rebekah*, and didn't seem to enjoy the prospect. "It's hard to be brought face to face with one's youthful indiscretions," he said. "After the really great works that I have conducted to have to come to this is too bad." Then he added with mock seriousness, "Whatever Isaac's wife might have been, my 'Rebekah' is a poor creature enough."

* * * *

Hans Sitt's new Concertino in D minor (op. 65) for violin and pianoforte, although no doubt primarily intended for professional violinists, will be a welcome addition to the *répertoire* of any really good player who is not afraid of technical difficulties. It is effectively written for the chief instrument, full of real beauty and without a single uninteresting bar. Although the name of the composer will be new to many, several of his works have been heard in England, notably his violin Concerto in A minor, introduced at the Gloucester Festival in 1889 by Mr. Bernhard Carrodus, and his violoncello concerto, played, I believe, in London a year later by Herr Julius Klengel. Mr. August Manns has also included his fine overture, "Don Juan d'Austria," in his Crystal Palace programmes. Herr Hans Sitt is a professor at the Leipzig Conservatoire, and conductor of one or two important musical societies.

* * * *

Recitations with piano accompaniment have become a fashionable form of entertainment, and Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. are

doing the public—or shall I say “Society”?—a good turn by extending their excellent series of “Recitation Music.” Mr. Stanley Hawley, who is the composer of this music, has done his work well. Where an opportunity occurs, he has given a descriptive turn to the accompaniment, as, for instance, in Edgar Allan Poe’s “The Bells,” and that favourite poem, “The Curfew must not ring to-night.” In “The Raven,” and Adelaide Procter’s “Story of the Faithful Soul,” the pianoforte part reflects very faithfully the spirit of the words, and forms an excellent background to the recitation.

As evidence of the intrinsic attractiveness of Mr. Hawley’s music, apart from its connection with the text, a well-known reciter tells me an amusing little story. “I was giving some recitations

with Mr. Stanley Hawley’s accompaniments in a drawing-room a few days ago, and it was arranged that a young lady, one of the guests, whom I knew to be an accomplished pianiste, should play for me. I had not got far with my first piece when I heard a decided ‘*sh*’ close to my elbow. I went on, of course, taking no notice of the interruption, which, however, still continued. At last I turned round in the direction from which the sound came, and caught sight of an elderly countess, who, with her hand to her ear, was reaching forward to catch every note from the piano. When she saw she had attracted my attention, she said to her next neighbour, loudly enough for me to hear, ‘I wish he would be quiet. Miss — is playing such a pretty piece, and no one can hear her for this stupid recitation.’”

Papers on Pianoforte Study.

SONATA IN D, OP. 10, NO. 3 (Beethoven).

THIS sonata, one of a set published in 1798, has been declared by an accredited writer to be “the first great sonata.” It may be said to mark the climax of Beethoven’s first period, and to proclaim his approaching release from the tyranny of set form. One of the most popular of all the great composer’s sonatas, it will be familiar to the ears, if not to the eyes and hands, of many readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, some of whom at least will, I hope, be prompted to commence forthwith the study of so interesting and beautiful a work.

The *presto* is full of variety, and marvellously rich in material. The following is an analysis of the movement:—

DIVISION 1.

Bars 1-11, First subject, in D major. Bars 11-23, Connecting episode.

DIVISION 2.

Bars 23-34, Second subject, in B minor and A major. Bar 34, Coda.

DIVISION 3.

Bars 134-184, Working out.

DIVISION 4.

Bars 184-194, Return of first subject. Bars 194-205, Connecting episode.

DIVISION 5.

Bars 205-275, Return of second subject, in E minor and D major. Bar 275, Coda.

Note the bold, almost defiant, tone of the opening phrase, how it gathers force as it proceeds, and pauses upon the final note as if waiting for an answer; then the response, calm and quiet. Give each of these passages its distinct character. The *staccato* notes of the first four bars must contrast well with the following phrase, which, notwithstanding the high A’s, must be kept perfectly *legato*. When the melody is repeated an octave higher, the broken sixths are not easy to play, and a little right-hand practice will be useful. The second subject commences very smoothly. Take care that the *arpeggios* in the bass are played with perfect evenness. Notice the *crescendo* at bar 42, which reaches a climax on the *forte* chord at the commencement of bar 46. Later on (bar 66) we have a new phrase, founded upon the opening notes of the leading theme, which are at first given to the left hand, and ultimately to both hands in contrary motion. This, on account of the awkward skips, requires diligent practice. The phrasing is made clear by the *sforzandos*, which must be strictly observed. The working-out deals chiefly with the opening bars of the first subject, the rhythm of which is the same as that of the vigorous phrase in B flat major, which immediately follows the second double bar. The movement terminates with a thrilling *crescendo*, which is kept up to the very end. Let there be no *rallentando*. Play the two final chords in strict time.

The *Largo* is one of the most noble of those slow movements, “which,” as has been well said, “not only raise the pianoforte to the dignity of an orchestra, but attain the highest dramatic expression.” It demands for its adequate presentation a perfect touch and fine poetic feeling. The profound gloom of the first subject, so suggestive of grief, deep and inconsolable, is relieved momentarily by the lovely theme in the relative major, which in its turn is interrupted by the passionate demisemiquaver figure at

bar 36. The impassioned *crescendo* commencing at bar 64, in which the first two bars of the opening subject appear in the bass, should be worked up to a high pitch, the ascending *sforzandos* being strongly marked. At the end, the melody is broken up into fragments, and the concluding bars must be played with the greatest possible feeling and expression. The metronome pace of this movement should be ♩ = 56.

The *menuetto* and *trio*, although they contain no serious difficulties, are not so simple as they appear. The passages of imitation after the first double bar require attention. They must be strongly accented, and correctly phrased, no break being perceptible where the passage commenced with the right hand is taken up and continued with the left. The crossing of hands in the *trio* is troublesome, and various suggestions have been made for doing away with the difficulty. One of the devices suggested is to play the triplets over which the high treble notes occur with the left hand—a plan which will, I think, only make the passage still more complicated. The difficulty—chiefly a mental one—can be overcome if the movement is practised slowly until the fingers, by sheer force of habit, fall upon the right notes.

The opening theme of the *rondo* affords a fair indication of its general character. It possesses many charming features, not the least being its capriciousness and waywardness. It is not easy to play. The quick transitions from *forte* to *piano* and the curious rests and pauses are so many stumbling-blocks to the unwary, while the peculiar harmonies are at times almost bewildering. How many players cut short those rests in the opening bars, and destroy the symmetry of the whole passage! The melody of the first episode, when it is given to the left hand at bars 14, 15, and 16, often fails to make itself heard. These faults, about which to be forewarned is to be forearmed, should be carefully guarded against. The fine unison passage which leads to the second return of the first subject must be perfectly *legato*, the notes in each hand being struck exactly together. Play the *cadenza* in the *coda* very brilliantly, and note the quaintly charming effect of the syncopated chords which follow. The scale and *arpeggio* passage at the end of the movement, upon which some pianists expend so much energy, are intended to be played softly and with extreme delicacy, a three-quaver figure suggestive of the first subject being heard in the bass. The usual metronome time of this *rondo* is ♩ = 132, but it should, of course, be practised at a slower pace.

Let me conclude with some eloquent words of Mr. Dannreuther’s which seem especially applicable to this sonata. “Beethoven,” he says, “speaks a language no one has spoken before, and treats of things no one has dreamt of before; yet it seems as though he were speaking of matters long familiar, in one’s mother tongue; as though he touched upon emotions one had lived through in some former existence.”

A New History of "Elijah."

ON August 26 next it will have been fifty years since Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was first performed. The jubilee of this event provides a fitting opportunity for presenting a history of the familiar oratorio, and Mr. F. G. Edwards has taken the tide at the flood. Mr. Edwards has long been known as an indefatigable and enthusiastic worker in the Mendelssohn field, but the present history shows his zeal better than anything else he has done so far. He has been peculiarly favoured in having had access to much original matter on the subject of *Elijah*. Especially is this the case in regard to the numerous letters from Mendelssohn and his correspondents, which are now made public for the first time. These letters are not only unique in the information they convey, but they form the most interesting links in the chain of this history. The nature of their contents will be indicated presently; meantime, it is interesting to note that much of the hitherto unpublished matter has come through Mendelssohn's elder daughter, Mrs. Victor Benecke, who has also allowed the new portrait of her father, which forms the frontispiece of this book, to be published. Other letters, mostly dealing with the subject of the English translation of *Elijah*, were acquired through Miss Mounsey, to whose brother-in-law—the late Mr. William Bartholomew—they were addressed by Mendelssohn. Mr. Edwards received also from Miss Mounsey a collection of MS. copies, parts, etc., of the oratorio, which were made for the production of the oratorio at Birmingham in 1846. These sheets, with the exception of some engraved chorus parts, are all in Mr. Bartholomew's handwriting, but they also contain several alterations written by the composer himself. Some of them possess additional interest from the fact that they are the actual copies from which the soloists sang at the first performance.

Mr. Edwards opens his volume with a chapter dealing very minutely with the history of the oratorio libretto. Hitherto the earliest mention of *Elijah* in the Mendelssohn correspondence has been in the letter written to Schubring in October, 1838; but Mr. Edwards, in the new matter he has brought to light, shows that the composer was corresponding on the subject more than two years before this. Indeed, he had barely got the first performance of *St. Paul* (May 22, 1836) off his hands, when he was thinking of the subject for another oratorio. Mendelssohn was then twenty-seven years of age, and he had just been betrothed to the charming lady who presently became his wife. It was to his friend Carl Klingemann that he first conveyed his ideas regarding a successor to *St. Paul*. Klingemann, it may just be remarked in passing wrote the libretto of Mendelssohn's operetta known as *Son and Stranger*; and nine of the composer's songs are to words by him. "He was," says Sir George Grove, "a man of great cultivation, considerable literary power, and very rare judgment in music." At this time he was resident in London as Secretary to the Hanoverian Legation. Well, Klingemann was now interesting himself greatly in the proposed performance of *St. Paul* at the Liverpool Festival in October, 1836. Mendelssohn writes to thank him for this interest, and the letter, which is dated August 12, 1836, contains the earliest known reference to the oratorio of *Elijah*. A quotation will be interesting.

After expressing his gratitude in the matter of *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn proceeds:

But I wish you knew what a far greater favour you would confer upon me if, instead of doing so much for my old oratorio, you would write me a new one; and, by so doing, would stir me up to fresh activity, instead of my having to do this myself. When I have finished a composition, that which really gives me pleasure in it is the progress I see in the work, and the hope that it may lead me to attain to greater excellence in the next. Therefore I long to be rid of all care of the finished work; and I feel as if I could only really thank you, from my heart, if you showed me that you like this oratorio sufficiently to help me to find a new "text," and thus encourage me to write another oratorio. If you would only give all the care and thought you now bestow upon *St. Paul* to an "Elijah," or a "St. Peter," or even an "Og of Bashan"!

Klingemann does not seem to have "tumbled" to the composer's suggestion that he should compile an oratorio libretto; and Mendelssohn, a few weeks before his marriage, renews his request, humorously remarking that the new "text" would make a very good wedding present! He is now almost decided that the subject shall be "Elijah." He says:

What I would like best would be for you to take "Elijah"—divide the story into two or three parts, write it out in choruses and airs, either in verse or prose of your own; or compile it from the Psalms and Prophets with big powerful choruses, and then send it to me. . . . You may let it be dramatic, like *Judas Maccabaeus*, or epic, or both combined. . . . If you do not care for either of these two subjects [he had mentioned "St. Peter" again], then I am willing to take any other—for instance, "Saul." But somehow I think "Elijah," and his going up to heaven in the end, would be a most beautiful subject.

This letter, like the other, produced no result, and Mendelssohn, even during his honeymoon—that is to say, in April, 1837—was worrying his dilatory friend again. It is not his fault, he pleads; it is the fault of circumstances. "It seems to me more and more a mistake to imagine that any one can make a lasting impression by *one* single work; it ought to be done steadily, uninterruptedly, by progressive writings. Out of these the best will eventually stand forth, if all are conceived in an earnest spirit." For this reason he wants to write some more sacred music. The choral societies are good, and long for something new; and he would like to give them something that should please himself better than his *St. Paul* does. "Therefore," he again urges, "do help me to this, and send me a new oratorio text."

Klingemann still did nothing, and we hear no more about the project until he and Mendelssohn met in London in the autumn. Two mornings were then spent by the pair on the plan of an oratorio of *Elijah*. This plan, or "sketch," was left with Klingemann, for him to develop and to put "into verse." A few months later a curious coincidence occurred, which is best explained by the following letter, written by the composer to Klingemann:

I received last week by post a parcel (which cost me nearly 10s. for postage), containing an English "text" for an oratorio of "Elijah," which was sent to me by a Mr. Charles Greville (18, Vineyards, Bath, Somersetshire), in the name of the poet, with a strange letter. Do you know this gentleman, or the name of the

poet, J. Barry, a clergyman? I have never heard of them. . . . I should like to know how they fixed on "Elijah," and on this way of treating the subject, which certainly resembles our "sketch" very closely.

Mr. Barry, as Mr. Edwards tells us, was curate of Bratton Clovelly, and died there in 1849. His libretto of "Elijah" was not published until 1869, when it appeared with a preface in which we are told that the work "underwent the favourable criticism of Mendelssohn," who, however, declared that it was too long for an oratorio. Strangely enough, Mr. Barry's libretto begins with the familiar recitative, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." Is it possible that Mendelssohn may have caught the suggestion from the MS., while the latter was in his hands? In any case, the receipt of Barry's libretto put the composer on his mettle, and he became very anxious as to the fate of his own *Elijah*. On February 9, 1838, we find him again writing to Klingemann: "I must ask you, *when* could you send it (the 'sketch') to me? And if other occupations, or annoyance at my repeated requests, or any other reason prevent you from complying with my wish, do please send me, by *return of post*, a copy of our 'sketch' of the oratorio, and tell me whether I am to leave you in peace about the matter, so that I know where I am. Only I must set to work soon; that you will understand." After one or two more letters had passed between Mendelssohn and Klingemann, the latter returned to the composer the "sketch" they had made together in London in the autumn of 1837, and henceforth *Elijah*, except in a casual way, drops out of their correspondence.

All this, then, is perfectly new, and we are indebted to Mr. Edwards for it. The subsequent history of the libretto is what has hitherto been regarded as the *only* history. It begins with a letter written by Mendelssohn to his old friend Pastor Schubring, of Dessau, in November, 1838. Schubring had rendered the composer invaluable service in the preparation of the words of *St. Paul*, and it was only natural that he should now turn to him in the matter of *Elijah*. The correspondence with Schubring has already been published, but several little things in it are worthy of note here. There is, for example, the composer's conception of the character of *Elijah*. Writing to Schubring, he says:

I figured to myself *Elijah* as a thorough prophet, such as we might again require in our own day—energetic and zealous, but also stern, wrathful and gloomy; a striking contrast to the court rabble and popular rabble—in fact, in opposition to the whole world, and yet borne on angels' wings. . . . I am most anxious to do full justice to the *dramatic* element, and, as you say, no epic narrative must be introduced. I am glad to learn that you are searching out the always heart-affecting sense of the Scriptural words; but, if I might make one observation, it is that I would fain see the dramatic element more prominent, as well as more exuberant and defined—appeal and rejoinder, question and answer, sudden interruptions, etc., etc. . . . I should like to have the representation as spirited as possible. For instance, it annoys me that *Elijah* does not reply to Ahab's words, No. 16, till No. 18, various other speeches and a chorus intervening; I should like to have had an instant and eager rejoinder.

This insistence on the dramatic element does not seem to have quite pleased Schubring, who, parson-like, wanted to "keep down the dramatic and raise the sacred element." Such being the case, it was but natural that some friction should arise; and we are not surprised when we find Schubring

writing: "I am more and more convinced that you will have to supply the principal part of the text yourself. How is one to know what is running through your mind on this or that occasion? Therefore the words are only set down as hints, suggesting what might be written." Again in the following year: "I always thought that the *Elijah* would turn out all right, but it will not, and you must seek help elsewhere." For nearly seven years after this the subject drops out of the Mendelssohn-Schubring correspondence, and it is quite evident that, during the greater part of the time, the oratorio was lying more or less fallow in the composer's mind. Indeed, it was not until the summer of 1845, when he received the invitation from Birmingham, that Mendelssohn, to use his own phrase, "again began to plough up the soil." He was then glad to seek fresh help from Schubring in the technicalities of the "text." The help was ungrudgingly given and gratefully accepted, but Mendelssohn knew his Bible nearly as well as the pastor of Dessau, and in the end he had probably to regard himself as all but the sole compiler of the libretto.

From what has now been said, it will be seen that *Elijah* had occupied Mendelssohn's mind for many years previous to 1846. Therefore it can scarcely be said that he composed the oratorio "expressly for Birmingham," as is commonly stated and generally supposed. All the same, considering his early death (1847), it may reasonably be assumed, as Mr. Edwards remarks, that, had it not been for the Birmingham Festival of 1846, Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah* would never have been given to the world. Replying to the committee's invitation, Mendelssohn wrote in July, 1845: "Since some time I have begun an oratorio, and I hope I shall be able to bring it out for the first time at your Festival; but it is still a mere beginning, and I cannot yet give you any promise as to my finishing it in time." However, it *was* finished in time, although not until perilously near the date of performance. The music, of course, was being originally written to German words, and the translation into English, with the necessary adaptations and alterations, proved a long and tedious business. It was not until after the middle of June, only two months before the Festival, that Mr. Stimpson, the chorus-master, received the first instalment of the chorus parts. Although these were printed (all the rest of the oratorio was sung and played from MS. copies), the deciphering of them was no easy matter, owing to the many alterations and re-alterations—black, red, and blue ink being freely used to indicate the alterations and re-alterations in the parts. Mr. Stimpson, it need hardly be said, had a most arduous task in preparing the choruses in the limited time. As late as August 3, twenty-three days before the performance, the arrival of the first two choruses of Part II. was reported, and the last chorus was not received till nine days before the Festival!

Much of the delay, as already indicated, was due to the necessity for making an English translation, and to the composer's fastidiousness in the matter of the text. Mr. Edwards devotes an entire chapter to the translation, and here again he has much that is quite fresh to present to us. Mendelssohn was particularly anxious to have a correct *verbal* accent in the translation, and made or sanctioned several changes in his music in order to get it. The whole of the correspondence with William Bartholomew, the translator, is exceedingly interesting. But we are rather surprised that Mr. Edwards has nothing to say about the stupidity of Bartholomew in suggesting to Mendelssohn that "O rest in the Lord" was so

like "Auld Robin Gray," that the composer might be accused of plagiarism! We know this is an old tale; it is nevertheless the silliest thing of the kind we have ever heard. Mendelssohn's air was—for he made some trifling alterations on the original—no more like "Auld Robin Gray" than like a hundred other things; and we have simply no patience with that part of the correspondence which is taken up with a discussion of the matter. Of course it was perfectly unnecessary for Mendelssohn to declare that he had never heard the Scotch ballad, and would not have *thought* of imitating it if he had.

Everybody knows the history of the first performance of *Elijah*. A pianoforte rehearsal of the vocal solos was held on August 19 at Moscheles' house in London, when Mendelssohn began by playing the overture from memory. The lady vocalists gave the composer some trouble. The soprano, for example, asked him to transpose "Hear ye, Israel," a whole tone down, and to make certain changes to suit her particular style! "It was not a lady's song," she said. Mendelssohn resisted with studied politeness, and said: "I intended this song for the principal soprano; if you do not like it, I will ask the committee to give it to some other vocalist." Afterwards, when alone with Moscheles, he most unreservedly expressed himself as to the "coolness of such suggestions." When "O rest in the Lord" was tried over, the singer was anxious to introduce a long shake (on D) at the close! "No," said the composer, "I have kept that for my orchestra," and then he archly played the familiar shake, which is given to the flute in the orchestral accompaniment. The soloists, it may just be added, had all to sing from MS. copies, which contained only the vocal melody and the bass of the accompaniment. Mendelssohn had hoped to get Jenny Lind for the Birmingham

performance, but, mainly owing to certain differences with Alfred Bunn, the opera manager, she did not care to come to England at that time. It is stated in the Memoir of the "Swedish Nightingale" that amongst the beautiful notes of her splendid voice "the upper F sharp possessed an irresistible charm" for Mendelssohn. He often spoke of it with admiration, and fully remembered that "wonderful F sharp" when he was writing the soprano part of *Elijah*. "He used it with striking effect as the initial note of the first phrase of 'Hear ye, Israel,' and in many other passages, in which it rings like a trumpet-call throughout the air." This will account for Mendelssohn's having set "Hear ye, Israel," in the keys of B minor and B major, the dominant note of which and the predominating note of the air is F sharp.

Mendelssohn, it is interesting to note, received 250 guineas for the English copyright of *Elijah*; and shortly after the composer's death the publisher voluntarily sent an additional sum of £100 to his widow. The work was published in June, 1847, and the price was thirty-six shillings! An octavo edition appeared in 1852, and even then the cost was ten shillings. The fee paid to Mendelssohn by the Birmingham Festival Committee was £210; while Moscheles, as conductor-in-chief, had £100; Staudigl, the original *Elijah*, had 150 guineas; and there were thirty-eight chorus-singers from London at £6 each.

Such are a few notes on Mr. Edwards' most interesting and valuable book. They indicate in a very imperfect manner the wealth of material in the volume, which ought to be in the hands of all lovers of Mendelssohn, if only for its capital portraits, and for the long *facsimile* letter inserted as a folding-plate at the end. The book is published in excellent style by Messrs. Novello.



Organ and Choir.



Best's Successor.

Is it not high time that a permanent successor to Mr. W. T. Best were appointed at St. George's Hall, Liverpool? The plan of inviting players from far and near to give the Saturday Corporation Recitals has been far from successful, and no good purpose can be served by continuing it. The organ at St. George's Hall is one that needs to be studied for some time before its best effects can be brought out; and it is no reflection upon the players who have been engaged that they have, for the most part, failed to do justice either to themselves or the instrument. They are, doubtless, all very capable performers on organs of less magnitude, and with which they are better acquainted; but at most there have been only half-a-dozen players who have given anything like complete satisfaction at Liverpool. It is difficult to understand the action of the Corporation in this matter. Can it be that they grudge, prospectively, the retiring allowance that would ultimately have to be granted to a permanent organist?

Salvation Army Music.

The split in the Salvation Army is a matter which does not in the least concern us here. One is, however, glad to note that Mr. Ballington Booth, in his new movement, proposes to give attention to better music. This is what he said to some of his fellow-workers in New York: "Music must be made a special feature. I hold tenaciously to the belief that music has been too long discarded by some of the principal religious organizations, and I see no reason why that which exercises so potent an influence in the world should not be brought within the consecrated use of the Church Militant. I propose to introduce

music of a higher and more intelligent character to reach the middle stratum of society." It is much to be wished that the General himself would do the same. His idea all along appears to have been that music is simply a bait to catch the common throng and bring them to the Army services, and his one question about a tune is, "Will it go?" There is no question of sacred or secular: but the Army certainly keeps well abreast of the devil in the shape of the music-hall, and robs him of all his best tunes with a promptness that would have satisfied even Rowland Hill. Of course there is far too much noise about the "Salvation" music, but even that gives delight to some people. An old lady, on being asked by her minister why she was so happy since she joined the Army, burst into an ecstasy of happy recollection as she exclaimed, "Oh, sir, the big drum is such a comfort to me!" Most of us would say we have heard enough on that head—the head of the drum!

A Dean on Church Music.

Have you read some recent reminiscences of Dean Hole? In his time, as he tells us, there has been a "marvellous development" of Church music. He can remember a time when a Bishop, afterwards an Archbishop, informed certain of his clergy that it was not lawful to chant the Psalms except in cathedrals; when a dear old lady said to him: "My husband and I were always high church, but we could not go any longer to St. Barnabas' when they began to sing the Psalms." He can remember when it was known to the congregation in St. Peter's, at Marlborough, that they were going to have an anthem, the

choir left the church for "The Six Bells" Inn, on the other side of the way, to fortify themselves beforehand with liquid refreshments. The Dean, too, can remember a time when the music in our village churches was a sore trial to him who had a keen sense of humour, or an appreciative ear for music, and caused as much perturbation of spirit as when

The wedding guest, he beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

He has lived to see the "singing galleries" go down, and with them the bassoon and the big fiddle, the clarinet and the flute—not without some sadness of regret, for the influence of music is almost always good, and these instruments kept many a man in happy content at home. The Dean does not lament the disappearance of Tate and Brady, or of those vain repetitions—"O turn my pi—, O turn my pi—, O turn my pious soul to Thee." He has lived to see the surpliced choir in its proper place, and he rejoices when the surplices are clean; when those who wear them stand for praise and kneel for prayer, and do not sit and stare and sprawl; when there is an odour of sanctity and not of peppermint.

Reporting an Organ Recital. The provincial reporter is a genius, especially when he is put on to "do" an organ recital. A specimen of his handiwork has just been found buried away in an Irish local journal, and I have pleasure in reprinting it *verbatim et literatim*. Here goes, then:

The curfew was tolling the "knell of parting day" from the old tower where it has rung out its music for nearly a century, now softened like an old violin by long use and the touch of time. At 8 o'clock p.m. the bell ceased, and the tone of the organ playing an "Introit" induced us to go in. A large crowd had assembled in the body of the church. After some preliminary prayers by the rector and curate, the recital began. We took a seat pretty high up, in order to get a view of the organ, and began repeating in our own minds Milton's celebrated description of church music in his "Il Penseroso." There is no mistake but the recital was well planned—what, with the glamour of the twilight through the tinted glass of Gothic windows, the gathering darkness, and "dim religious light" from candles on the Communion table, reading desk and organ loft, the hush, the silence, and the sacred solemnity of the surroundings, all conspired to heighten the effect, and give one the idea of being in an ancient cathedral of the 12th century. Anon the seats began to shake, though we hardly hear a sound yet, but are conscious of a deep vibration like an earth tremor. Then the double diapason and 16 feet pipes play a caper or two, while the stopped diapason with wood and metal flutes steal gently in a cantabile movement; then the glorious fugue begins, movement chasing movement, melody pursuing melody, as if in play with the deep-toned cornopean, now and then expostulating with them not to break the bounds of classic decency. No wonder all eyes were turned towards the organ-loft, as if something supernatural were up there. Again, and there is a graceful dancing run, a veritable polka, or pas-de-catch up the scale and down again; a chromatic chase over the keys, as if the right hand was running away, and the left, being out of breath, trying to catch it, turned back and began to cry, while the right, having reached the summit of the keyboard, was revelling on flute and piccolo. Then the bass and treble come back again, shake hands, fondle, and again fall out, and then another musical storm, till our heads reeled, and the senses, intoxicated by such display, began to anticipate a general blow up of pipes, bellows and all, when the storm gently subsided, and a sweet melody supervening, reassures us that there is not the slightest danger. We sit back in our seats, cross our legs, and give a sigh of relief. Then there is a pause, a hymn during the offertory, "Giver of all" being sung; but to our mind "Lead, kindly Light" would have been more appropriate, "Amid the encircling gloom."

Would it be irreverent to suggest that "Lead, kindly Light" would be appropriate for this funny dog of a reporter?

An Amusing Experience. In the course of reading the other day I fell in with a very amusing account of a candidate's experience

in seeking an organist's appointment. The writer is an Englishman, and he tells how, on one occasion, he went across the Border to compete for a certain vacant post. The committee charged with the selection of a man seem to have gone about their work in an elaborate and truly conscientious way. They met on five different evenings, dealing on each evening with two candidates, to each of whom they devoted one hour! After exhibiting his abilities at the instrument, our candidate was asked to take a chair, and submit himself to what the political candidate knows as a "heckling." Did he know Sol-fa? Was he an experienced choir-master? Was he married? Did he think of taking pupils? What did he think of the organ? Did he know that no volunteers were allowed at that church? Did he know enough music to give a recital once a week for six weeks during the winter? And so on. At last an old gentleman, with very fierce white eyebrows, asked with the triumphant air of one who had diligently sought and at last found a poser, "Now *what* would you do in this case: suppose, after giving *most careful* instructions, your choir actually *did not obey* them—in fact, did not please you at all? What *would* you do?" Naturally, our candidate objected to walk with open eyes into a pitfall, or to judge upon a hypothetical case. So he said, in the resigned tone of one who had found life disappointing and satisfaction unattainable, "I am afraid I should put up with it." In the end our candidate was selected to show himself off before the congregation, but with *such* a committee he judged it the wiser course to withdraw. He afterwards learned that the congregation met, held a prayer-meeting, graciously allowed the withdrawal of his application, and proceeded to the election. They certainly deserved to get a splendid man, but unfortunately his name is not revealed.

The St. Paul's Choristers. The *City Press* has an article on the daily life of the choristers in St. Paul's Cathedral. The choir school stands upon a notable site, that of the former Proctor's Office in Doctor's Commons. It is a bright, pleasant building, facing Carter Lane, and backing upon the Dean's garden with its leafy palm-trees. In this retired corner of the city the Cathedral choristers live in a collegiate manner a happy, peaceful, and contented life. Up on the roof there is a playground, where the boys disport themselves! Of city gardens on the house-tops we have often heard; of city gardens jealously secreted at the rear of some favoured houses there is a rumour. But here is a thing never before recorded—a cricket ground on a city roof! Yet it exists. The whole is enclosed by a large cage of wire netting for the safety of the balls. Here, in leisure time, a game of ball or of cricket is carried on with vigour; or a turn is taken at the horizontal bar which stands at one end. At present the "ground" does not extend to the full width of the building, but it is hoped that during the year it will be enlarged. How few of the busy citizens passing along the street below dream of the existence of cricket in progress above their heads!

The Organ-Blower Again. The curate was visiting the aged organ-blower on his death-bed.

"Would you mind, sir, asking our organist to play the Dead March over me?" asked the sick man.

"Certainly I will, Chapman," said the curate.

"Thank'ee, sir; none of that 'ere tweedledum Beethoven, you know, sir; only Handel's."

"I am sure he will do it," responded the curate.

The old man lay placidly for awhile, and then exclaimed with fervour, "How glad I am I *shan't* have to blow it."



Our Contemporaries.

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THE magazines this month are, on the whole, somewhat dull and uninteresting. In the *Musical Record* Professor Prout concludes his examination of the valuable Wesley manuscript of Bach's "Wohltemperirtes Clavier," to which reference was made last month. He has gone into the matter with great detail; and if only for the elucidation of certain disputed readings, he has certainly done good service in showing what Bach actually wrote. I note that Professor Prout recommends to those who have not already got a copy of the "Clavier" the edition edited in 1862-3 by Kroll for Peters. This edition is very reliable in the text, which is more than can be said of the generally used edition by Czerny, who, to say nothing of his arbitrary alterations, wherever there is a choice of readings, mostly selects the wrong one.—Another article in the *Record* deals somewhat more fully than hitherto with that little romance in the life of Beethoven connected with Marie Bigot. This lady was born in 1786, and in 1804 married M. Bigot, librarian to Count Rasoumowsky. Of the attention paid to her by Beethoven, Thayer gives us a glimpse in the form of a letter from the composer addressed both to Marie Bigot and her husband. From this communication we learn that a proposal made by the composer to go out for a walk with Marie and her little daughter Caroline had roused the jealousy of the husband. Beethoven refers to a *previous* letter in which he had made the proposal. He is grieved and angry that it should have caused unpleasantness, as it did. He tells them that in declaring that he would regard a refusal as a real injury done to himself, he used strong language almost to force the lady to comply with his wish. Thayer wrote in 1871, but another letter from Beethoven to Marie Bigot has since been discovered—to all appearance the very letter referred to by the composer in the one mentioned above. Here is the interesting epistle:

TO MADAME MARIE BIGOT.—My dear honoured Marie! The weather is so heavenly—who knows whether it will be so to-morrow?—I therefore propose to call about twelve o'clock this afternoon to take you out for a walk—as Bigot is probably already out, we cannot, of course, take him with us, but Bigot himself would not expect us to give it up altogether on that account—the weather of an afternoon is now at its best, why not seize the moment, for it vanishes so quickly? It would be altogether unlike the enlightened and well-bred Marie if, for the sake of mere scruple, she were willing to rob me of this greatest pleasure. Or, whatever reasons you give, I shall ascribe your refusal to nothing else than the little confidence you place in my character, and I shall never believe that you entertain true friendship for me. Wrap Caroline up in swaddling clothes from head to foot, so that she may take no harm. Answer, my dear M., whether you can—I do not ask whether you are willing, the latter will only be explained to my disadvantage, so write just one word, "Yes," or "No." Farewell, and arrange so that the selfish pleasure may be assured to me of participating in the free enjoyment of the serene beauties of nature in company with persons so sympathetic to me.—Your friend and admirer,

L. V. BTHOVEN.

The little event, serious as it seemed to the composer, will now almost provoke a smile. I may add that there is a picturesque anecdote related by Nohl of Marie Bigot having played at sight in a marvellous manner the *Sonata Appassionata* from the autograph. Nor is there any reason to doubt the story, for Beethoven, after the work had been printed, presented the lady with the manuscript, as a reward, it is said, for her clever *a vista* performance. The valuable souvenir is now one of the treasures in the library of the Paris Conservatoire of Music.

The *Nonconformist Musical Journal* reaches its hundredth number with the April issue. Perhaps the most interesting article in the number is that on "Some Blind Organists," in which we learn how the sightless musician is provided for in the matter of a musical "notation." The basis of this notation is the ordinary Braille alphabet used by the blind, arranged in four rows containing ten letters each. The last seven letters in each row represent the seven musical notes; those of the first row being quavers, those of the second minims, of the third semibreves, and of the fourth crotchets. The sign for semibreve stands also for semiquaver; that for minim for demi-semiquaver, etc. This use of the same

sign in two senses presents no difficulty to any one acquainted with the rudiments of music, as a bar consisting of one semiquaver or of sixteen semibreves is of course an impossibility. The notes therefore take twenty-eight signs, and for the other signs used in music there remain thirty-three. Each sign occupies only the space of a single letter. Thus the blind are provided with a means for reading music which enables them to obtain a thorough knowledge of the composition to be studied. A very considerable amount of classical music has already been printed in the Braille system; and when music not already printed is required, it need only be read out by a sighted person for the blind musician to write it for himself for future use. The reading is performed from left to right, consequently the writing is from right to left; but this reversal presents no difficulty as soon as the student has caught the idea that, in reading and writing alike he has to go forward. There is a pathetic little anecdote told in this article about Henry Smart, who lost his eyesight over night-work on his *Bride of Dunkerron*, written for the Birmingham Festival of 1864. On one occasion Dr. Spark, of Leeds, incautiously described a glorious sunset to him while, with some friends, he was fishing from a boat off Bridlington. Smart burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, God! To think that I, who have always appreciated nature's glories and drunk deep of the beauties of scenery, cannot now see a mole-hill, much less the loveliness and sublimity of the scene before me!" Nor is the pathos of the incident one whit lessened by the circumstance that Smart's ebullition of grief was somewhat stayed by his friend's putting a fish on a hook and line, and making him believe that he had caught it. Mr. Minshall, the editor of the *Journal*, announces this month that he has accepted the post of organist at Westminster Chapel, James Street, S.W. He was organist of the City Temple, but resigned that position about three years ago.

The *Orchestral Association Gazette* very sensibly objects to post-cards being sent to professional musicians when terms are quoted for engagements. To many people "post-cards is pizen": they would in many cases rather forego an engagement altogether than be offered one with the fee mentioned in this open manner. It is not everybody who cares to have his private business known; indeed, circumstances may arise which make it particularly inconvenient that such should transpire. People may reside in the same house with whom the receiver is in no way connected, and who, living in rooms nearer the common letter-box, may overhaul his letters and cards long before he can get near them. It is not pleasant for a man who occupies a good position in the musical world, and of whom his fellow-lodgers have a high opinion, to find a post-card laid out for him on the hall table on his return from business, asking him if he can attend a certain theatre—second violin, terms so and so. When the concluding exhortation is that a telegram in reply should be sent first thing in the morning, copious and valuable additions to the encyclopædia of British slang are likely to be forthcoming. There can be no objection to post-cards being used for short communications of an unimportant nature, but that they should be habitually used for the transaction of professional business is an offence against good taste which cannot be too strongly condemned. So says my contemporary, and I willingly add my Amen to the protest.—Here is an anecdote of the kind I enjoy immensely. It is about the common or garden pianist-conductor, who, as we all know, very often "comes a cropper" when directing his orchestra. One of these varieties had recently arranged a piece of music in B minor as an *entracte* for the orchestra over which he presided. He thought the melody would be effective if played by the cellos and violas in unison. Unfortunately he was not sufficiently conversant with his Berlioz to quite know the compass of the latter instrument, so he wrote

the first note of the viola part a semitone below the lowest open string. At the rehearsal he became quite angry when neither of the players commenced, and after starting two or three times he asked them why the angel they didn't begin with the rest. When the reason was explained to him, he said they had better begin with a rest, and inserted one of the value of a crotchet in their part!—The *Gazette* acknowledges subscriptions to the amount of £33 12s. for the Carrodus Scholarship. Arrangements have now been made for a committee to carry on this project.

There is very little that is of general interest in the *Musical Herald*. Perhaps the most quotable thing is the short interview with Mr. R. Farban, of 25, Richmond Gardens, W., on the question of balance in small orchestras. In amateur orchestras there is a good deal of discussion on this subject. "What instruments should we have?" True, the more general question is, "What instruments can we get?" But it is well to know what instruments to aim at. Mr. Farban is an authority, as he sends out every night many small bands for concert and dancing purposes. The chief defect that he notes in small orchestras is a weakness in the inner parts: they have a strong melody, and a strong bass, but not much else. This inner harmony is best supplied, failing string players, by piano or harp. "Filling up" with a harmonium is not good; at a little distance the tone is inaudible. But an English concertina playing the second fiddle part gives good tone, and is a good substitute for the second violin. Whether you use the piano must depend on the size of the band, and of course when you play out of doors the piano is seldom available. Some of the newer instruments may be made to do duty. In a band of ten Mr. Farban has had a mandoline playing first fiddle part with effect, but you must give it rest—the novelty must not pall. Beginning with the striped quartet or quintet, Mr. Farban tells us in what order he would add other instruments to it. "First, I should add the clarinet, as much for its full part and pretty arpeggios as anything; next, the flute; third, would come the drum. For concert music I should complete the wood-wind band with oboe and bassoon, before adding any brass. The first brass instrument for concert music would be a cornet; next, a bass trombone, which give brilliance to the effect. Next, two French horns; next, two trombones; certainly the tenor and alto trombones should come after the bass trombone, and after that the bass drum. I should never have two cornets (playing first and second parts) unless the band were large. Two cornets, to my ear, swamp the band, and carry all before them. For dance music I prefer euphonium to 'cello: it emphasises the bass more distinctly." All this is interesting and useful. But the interviewer should really have spared us that "chestnut" about the old colonel who ordered the three trombone players,—alto, tenor, and bass—to move their slides in and out all together.

In the *Musical Times* Mr. Joseph Bennett (who has been bagged by Pearson for his new *Melody*), dishes up a lot of antiquated Jenny Lind matter, and "looks" into Boswell's "Johnson" to stumble—apparently for the first time—upon certain musical references that every lover of literature knows almost by heart. Johnson's views upon music are ancient history, and probably no one but Mr. Bennett would think of expounding them in these days. In another part of the paper there is a notice of Mr. Howard Paul's "Dinners with Celebrities," a recently published book in which musicians play no inconsiderable part. When Mr. Paul dined with the late Prince Napoleon ("Plon-Plon"), Rossini was of the party, and the exploits of the composer as a trencherman are most carefully recorded in the following passage:—"The spaghetti was the finest I ever remember to have tasted, and small wonder that Rossini enjoyed two helpings. I observed that he ate sparingly up to this course, refusing the *tournedos*, passing the *poulet*, and picking lightly the breast of a woodcock. He was evidently reserving his grand *coup* for the Italian dish, which he demolished with gusto. The old melodist never forgot his early taste, and macaroni, polenta, ravioli, spaghetti, and

vermicelli were invariably to be found on the table of his villa at Passy." In another chapter we glean the momentous information that Rossini—in his later years at any rate—rarely ate any breakfast. As for Wagner, he despatched his meals with the velocity of a Flying Dutchman: "I observed that he ate exceedingly fast. It was like posting letters. He placed his food in his mouth, and down it went while he talked. If he had been reared in the United States of America, he could not have plied his knife and fork with greater celerity." The chapter on Sir Arthur Sullivan does not descend into such minute details, but Mr. Howard Paul, on the strength of several dinners in the company of the composer of *The Mikado* assures us there is no man with whom he would rather "unfold the festive napkin." This reticence, however, is fully atoned for in the chapter entitled "Adelina Patti as a Hostess." In this we learn that the *diva* "is not a great eater, but she keeps a *chef* who knows his business. She detests great joints, affects dainty French dishes, and her wines are the finest France can produce. I don't suppose she ever tasted sherry or port wine in her life, but in the matter of Sauternes, Clarets, and Burgundies her cellar is unique. Her husband, M. Nicolini, by the way, is something of a cook himself." And then Mr. Howard Paul considerably reproduces the *menu* prepared for a party of twelve people at Craig-y-Nos, not forgetting the wines and their vintages. An American writer has recently asserted that there is a most intimate connection between food and thought. It remains for Mr. Paul to establish on a secure basis the connection that exists between music and *menus*.

Siloti is the subject of *The Lute's* portrait and biography this month. When only ten years old, the eminent Russian pianist became a student at the Moscow Conservatoire, where he remained from 1873 to 1881. During this period he studied under Nicholas Rubinstein, brother of Anton, and under Tchaikowsky. In 1883 he became a pupil of Liszt, who quickly recognised his phenomenal ability, and with whom he remained for three years. On leaving Weimar, Siloti accepted an appointment as professor at the Moscow Conservatoire; but though he bore with it for four years, the drudgery of teaching was always distasteful to him, and the public at large is the gainer by the fact that in 1890 he relinquished his professorship to become one of the greatest of modern *virtuosi*. My contemporary tells us that "notwithstanding his very proper detestation of that typical American vulgarity, the interview, Sir Arthur Sullivan has been good enough to sign his portrait expressly for *The Lute*, in which it will appear next month, together with some biographical notes." But what has the signing of a portrait to do with an interview?

Le Ménestrel, of Paris, announced recently that Señor Manuel Garcia, having entered on his ninety-second year, was probably the oldest living vocalist. Garcia can hardly be called a vocalist, and in any case there is an older than he. The veteran is Hartmann of Copenhagen, who still acts as cantor in a church where he may be seen and heard every Sunday.

From the *Scottish Musical Monthly* I learn that the burning question of the hats of ladies in theatres and concert halls has lately been decided in Bordeaux in a peaceable manner. The Mayor having been desired to use his authority to suppress the wearing of hats, he gallantly answered that he could not undertake any such crusade against the honoured but weaker sex. The affair became known in the town, and on the morrow the ladies of Bordeaux, desiring to testify their gratitude to the Mayor for the delicacy of his action, arrived at the theatre without head-covering, and to-day the reform is said to be completely adopted. It is stated that at Bucharest this famous question has just caused a law-suit. A member of the audience, having been placed behind a lady who carried a monumental head-dress, protested that he could see nothing, and demanded the return of his money. This having been refused, he instituted an action, and the matter is now before the courts.

→* Street Music. *←

THE curious inconsistencies and sweet uncertainties of the law has always led me to regard it as being decidedly of the feminine gender. One of its most curious and coquettish manifestations is found in the regulations for piano-organs and the like. The disgust with which every one with any sensitiveness to music must have regarded these odious tormentors should have led to their total suppression long ere this. A better state of things would seem, however, to loom ahead. The *Morning Post* has recently opened its columns to a discussion on the subject, and attention has also been drawn to the matter of street noises in more ways than one.

The following decision has just been delivered at Bow Street Police Court to a member of the organ-grinding fraternity. The magistrate discharged him with a caution, adding at the same time, "You had better inform all your comrades, and those who use barrel-organs, that if you play those instruments under such circumstances as to cause annoyance, and refuse to desist when requested to by a householder, you are liable to be arrested and brought here and fined the sum of 40s." It is certainly about time that such a decision was recorded; and if the sufferings of any musician living in town are worse than mine, they have my sincerest sympathy. No less than seven piano-organs have I wrathfully counted within hearing during the course of one day, not to mention half a dozen odd stray blasts from passing musical bipeds, a brass band, and an unusually vile ditto, ditto, owned by the Salvation Army, from which the cacaphony was truly awful, not two instruments out of the lot playing either in tune or together; followed by the chattering scum, all the riff-raff and rag-tag and bobtail of the neighbourhood. The sight was as restful to the eye as were the sounds to the ear. Such things are a disgrace to London, and would not be seen or heard in a continental city. Some of the latest ventures in street music are also the reverse of delightful. The piano-organ has made a descent on music beyond its ordinary scope. Mendelssohn's Wedding March, Gounod's Berceuse and Ambrose Thomas's "Con-nais-tu" from *Mignon*, are the latest additions to their *répertoire*. None are "dankbar"; indeed, the only things that would really seem to suit the "genius of the instrument" are Thalberg's trashy and shallow operatic scribble. How terrible if the "piano-organist" were to dive deeper into the classical composers! Fancy Beethoven's Sonatas on the p—I dare not write it, or Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques*, or a Liszt Rhapsody! It is too terrible. I *know* I should brain any "piano-organist" doing a Liszt Rhapsody, as I could not bear to hear

them played with all the glowing and sensuous expression a piano-organ is capable of. They are overwhelming enough in the hands of a Paderewski or Rosenthal, but on a piano-organ!

Another branch of the street musical life seems to be developing. It is now no uncommon thing to meet a combination of two or three wind instrument players, endurable enough if there were any, even the smallest, attempt at refinement or certainty in their performances; but what they lack in skill they usually make up in force. Recently I came across such a party,—two immense brass implements blazing out a vulgar melody with one poor solitary and timid clarinet tooting contrapuntal jim-jams against it. How sad all this is when compared with even a second-rate German town! How often have I sat at one of the numerous little tables in one of the many hundreds of beer-gardens with a glass of light German beer listening to the strains of the *Tannhäuser* overture, or the *Ferramors* ballet music performed by a capital military string band for a small extra charge of twopence, or listened to Liszt's 14th Rhapsody stealing in through the open windows over a quiet game of French billiards after a severe day's practice. In England things are managed differently. If one desires refreshment, he must stand in a none-too-clean bar and gulp down a powerful liquor in one-tenth of the time necessary to assimilate it. One consequence is the vice, squalor, dirt, and drunkenness seen daily in our midst. I have seen as many cases of drunkenness in the streets on one Saturday evening in England as I have during the whole of a three years' stay in Germany. One very curious point in the English law on street-singing would appear to be that whilst begging, as such, is not allowed, yet if a beggar choose to make a noise, be it ever so barbarous, and dub it singing, he is not interfered with. Thus, in effect, the law says, *You mustn't beg unless you make a nuisance of yourself.*

What's the prisoner charged with, Constable? Officer: Begging, sir! Prisoner: I warn't begging, your honour; I was singing. Magistrate, sharply: Was he singing, Constable? Officer: Well, sir, he *was* making a kind of noise, though I shouldn't have thought it was singing! Magistrate: Oh, nonsense, the poor must have their bit of music. The prisoner is discharged. (To the prisoner): Understand begging is not allowed unless you draw attention to it by singing or making a noise resembling singing. Sounds paradoxical. Perhaps, however, in the days to come we shall have street performers handing up their certificates of merit and diplomas certifying that they have studied with Signor So-and-So, of the Royal Academy of Music. More unlikely things *have* happened.

Our Street Music and its Regulation.

M R. HAWES has remarked that every man has probably had moments in his life when he has not been sane upon the question of street music. He has perhaps been placed in difficult circumstances. Let us say he occupies a corner house. On one side, at the bottom of the street, commences the "Chickaleary Bloke"; on the other side, at the bottom of another street, is faintly heard "Polly Perkins": both are working steadily up to a point, and that point is your corner house. You are in your study writing a sonata; nearer and nearer draw the minstrels, regardless of each other, and probably out of each other's hearing, but both heard by you in your favourable position. As they near the point, the discord becomes wild and terrible; you rush into the back study, but the piano-organ man is in the yard; you rush out at the front door to look for a policeman—there is none. You use any Italian words you can recollect; at the same time, pointing to your head, you try to explain that your wife lies dangerously ill upstairs and that several ladies are dying in the

neighbourhood. You implore the Italian to move on, and the scene ends in No. 1 slowly grinding down the street which No. 2 came up, and No. 2 grinding up the street which No. 1 has just come down. Then you get back to the house, and instead of writing your sonata, you write a furious letter to the newspapers. Next day the same thing is repeated, only that you don't write a letter this time, having discovered the utter futility of such a course of action.

Nor is this by any means the most aggravated case of the kind which might be quoted. Only the other day a man was charged at a London police-court with playing an organ in a certain street to the annoyance of a certain householder. The Italian positively declined to "move on," and he was given in charge. In the course of the evidence the prosecutor declared that a short time since, during one afternoon, no fewer than twenty-three organs were played successively in his street, and on the afternoon of a recent Saturday there were fifteen organs. Just think of it! Twenty-

three barrel-organs in an afternoon, to say nothing of the other itinerant musicians who are likely to have given the street a look in! It is indeed high time that Mr. Jacoby's "Noises Suppression Bill" had passed into law, that silence, like a poultice, may come to "heal the blows of sound." We are all being driven to distraction, and the mad-houses are overflowing.

The present enactment on the subject of street music has proved, as we all know to our cost, totally inadequate for the regulation of the nuisance. About fifty years ago, when our legislators gave attention to the matter, it was simply declared that you might stop the musical disturber of your peace only if there were illness in the house. That, of course, was soon found to be unavailing; and then Mr. Bass bethought him of a more drastic remedy. His Act is dated July, 1864, and as the new Bill may not become law yet awhile, we append the old one for the benefit of those who in the meantime may wish to avail themselves of its provisions. The Act, then, reads as follows, capitals and all:

Whereas, by section Fifty-seven of the Act passed in the Session of Parliament held in the Second and Third years of the Reign of Her present Majesty, intituled *An Act for further improving the Police in and near the Metropolis*, it was enacted that any Householder within the Metropolitan Police District might require any Street Musician to depart from the neighbourhood of the House of any such Householder, on account of the Illness of any Inmate of such House: And whereas the said Provision has been found insufficient for the Protection of such Householders from Annoyance by Street Musicians: Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty . . . as follows:—

I. Section Fifty-seven of the said Act is hereby repealed, and in lieu thereof the following Provision shall take effect as Part of the said Act; namely, any Householder within the Metropolitan Police District, personally, or by his Servant, or by any Police Constable, may require any Street Musician or Street Singer to depart from the neighbourhood of the house of such Householder, on account of the Illness, or on account of the Interruption of the ordinary Occupations or Pursuits of any Inmate of such House, or for other reasonable or sufficient Cause; and every Person who shall sound or play upon any Musical Instrument, or shall sing in any Thoroughfare or Public Place near any such House after being so required to depart, shall be liable to a Penalty not more than Forty Shillings, or, in the Discretion of the Magistrate, before whom he shall be Convicted, may be imprisoned for any Time not more than Three Days, and it shall be lawful for any Constable belonging to the Metropolitan Police Force to take into Custody without warrant any Person who shall offend as aforesaid: Provided always he shall be given into Custody by the Person making the Charge: Provided also, that the Person making a Charge for an Offence against this Act shall accompany the Constable who shall take into Custody any Person offending as aforesaid to the nearest Police Station House, and there sign the Charge Sheet kept for such Purpose.

II. Whenever any Person charged with an offence under this Act shall be brought to any Station House, during the Time when the Police Court shall be shut, it shall be lawful for the Constable in charge of the Station House to require the person making the charge to enter into a Recognizance, conditioned as is provided by the Act passed in the Second and Third Years of Her Majesty, Chapter Forty-seven, Section Seventy-two; and upon the Refusal of such Person to do so it shall be lawful for such Constable to discharge from Custody the Person so charged.

This, then, is the Act under which our street music has been "regulated" since 1864. What its defects are, in practical working, we all know too well. It helps one very little to have the power to give an organ-grinder in charge. The offender has done you sufficient harm before you have a chance of putting the provisions of the Act into force. If you are an invalid, requiring rest and sleep, what is it to you that the German band may be taken to the police station after the said band has shattered your nerves by the preliminary blasts which indicated to you their presence? Moreover, everybody knows that the necessary policeman is seldom to be found when one desires to give the itinerant minstrel in charge; and in any case it is quite out of the question that busy people, who have already been disturbed sufficiently in their work, should have to waste their time in a march to the nearest police station.

Nor is the new bill much of an improvement in this respect, although it will certainly help us in some ways. A leading feature of Mr. Jacoby's proposals is that all itinerant singers, mountebanks, or players are to be registered at their nearest police station, and wear a badge conspicuously displayed. These musicians, even when registered, are not to play within three

hundred yards of a hospital or like building, nor are they to play during worship or study hours near a church or school. They are not to play near a dwelling house after being duly warned. If they knock at a door to solicit money, they are to be liable to a fine. They are not to play on Sundays, on Christmas Day, nor on Good Friday. Unregistered musicians are to be arrested by the police without warrant.

Now this is all very good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. There is no more reason to have a congregation of worshippers protected from the street musician than there is to have your family devotions protected; nor is there any reason why students in school should have immunity from noise any more than students in private houses. Both classes are equally entitled to the same privileges. Moreover, as already indicated, the proposals of the new bill simply perpetuate the old defect, which makes it necessary for the householder to "warn" the street musician before he can claim the assistance of the law. In short, there is nothing for it but total suppression of at least the more noisy and persistent forms of street music, if we are to have a solution of the subject which shall be permanently satisfactory.

And why should we not have total suppression? It is true that a great many poor people enjoy this street music. But must we resign ourselves to the axiom that the few must always suffer for the enjoyment of the many? That the sick, the nervous, the fastidious, the brain-workers, are but drops of water in a huge ocean of hale, hearty, somewhat thick-skinned and thick-eared humanity? What view do other nations take of the question? Any one who has travelled much abroad must have noticed that there is far less street music in the continental towns, and that, moreover, the foreign itinerant musician is seldom to be met with. In St. Petersburg, even if willing to endure the severities of the climate, no wandering musician is allowed, and foreigners are denied a passage across the frontier. Italy, which furnishes us with so large a supply of organ-grinders, has a law by which the whole itinerant class, whether pedlar, rag merchant, shoe-black, or musician, are required to enter their names on a register, and to obtain a certificate from the local police. In Vienna annual licences are granted to street musicians, but only to those who cannot make a living by other means, and who for various reasons cannot be admitted to the poorhouses. But even here, music is allowed only in the courtyards and public houses; never in the open streets. In Berlin, street musicians used to have considerable liberty prior to 1884; but in that year a restrictive enactment was passed, and the issue of licences for the performance of street music was suspended. In Paris, any one who wishes to sing or perform in the streets must apply for a licence and show a certificate of good character, and the licence, when granted, has to be exhibited to the police once every three months. Licences are not granted to blind, deformed, one-armed, crippled or infirm persons; nor is any licensee allowed to take along with him children under sixteen years of age. In America the rules on the subject are somewhat varied, but on the whole they do not favour the street musician as we do. There is no street music at all in Chicago and Philadelphia. In Boston a sum of fifty cents a year is exacted from any one who proposes to supply this luxury to the public; in New Orleans five dollars per annum is the amount; while at Brunswick, Georgia, organ-grinders are charged a dollar a day, other itinerants being free. In New York a dollar a year is charged for the licence, and the latter is granted to not more than three hundred organ-grinders. It will thus be seen that the organ-grinder, the street pianist, and the German band, find their happiest hunting-ground in England. Nowhere else are they allowed such an immunity from legal enactments. No wonder they cling to us, in spite of our climate!

Mr. Jacoby's bill, we may just add, is not intended to apply to Scotland and Ireland. Why the exemption of these two countries? Should the bill become law, the unregistered musicians will know where to go!



Correspondence.



A PLEA FOR THE CONCERTINA.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to see in your last issue the advocating of the claims of the English concertina, a musical instrument which has no doubt a great and bright future before it.

This charming and legitimate concert and drawing-room instrument must not be confounded with that vulgar toy imitation—the German Concertina, from which no good music can be produced.

Many persons, unfortunately, are not aware of the great difference between the two, and are quite ignorant of the remarkable capabilities of the English instrument. When used in association with the voice, harp, violoncello, violin, pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, etc., in solos, duets, trios, quartets of the best music of the classical masters, the result is most delightful. Musical amateurs might, with profit, consider its claims as an instrument worthy of their attention, as there is no doubt that during the next few years musicians will more and more recognise and appreciate its true and unique value, which, from prejudice and ignorance, has not been possible in the past.

The English concertina used to be a very fashionable instrument in London and elsewhere when Signor Regondi was living, and is now becoming still more popular, thanks to Messrs. Lachenal's splendid instruments; and especially their latest "Edeophone model," which answers all requirements for concert work when fitted with Signor Alsepi's new invention—the patent bowing valves. Alsepi deserves the best thanks of all English concertina players for this invention, and also his other labours on behalf of the instrument.

I see Alsepi's new method has just been published by Messrs. Lachenal. As this method teaches the correct use of the valves, I need not say more on this point.

There are still many people who have the English Edeophone model concertina, and many who profess to play have not studied it carefully and sufficiently, and therefore have not represented its remarkable capabilities in the most favourable light.

We must hope these will commence to do better, as to acquire facility and be able to produce the pleasing tone and variety of effect required to meet the approval of musicians, certainly needs practice. I refer your readers to Sir George Grove's remarks on the Concertina in his *Dictionary of Music*.

Much good original music has been composed for this instrument, including two Concertos by Regondi, two by Molique, one by F. Bosen, and many Fantasias and Solos by Richard Blagrove, John C. Ward, Geo. Case, Henry and Geo. Roe, Sir G. Macfarren, Sir Julius Benedict, Elizabeth Mounsey (Mrs. Mounsey-Bartholomew), Madame Sidney Pratten, Joseph Warren, and several others; so that there is room for ample choice. Violin and Flute music is also available; and if special instruments are made, organ music; and many of the Preludes and Fugues of J. S. Bach, Mendelssohn, Smart, S. Wesley, etc., may be effectively rendered upon it. This will, at any rate, be sufficient to show that the sphere of selection is large.

As regards instruments, I prefer, personally, Messrs. Lachenal's charming concertinas to those of any other maker, and think them best adapted for all kinds of home or concert work. This is quite an unprejudiced and disinterested opinion.

No instrument, except the violin, excels the English concertina in capacity of expression. As a *solo* instrument it is heard to best advantage when accompanied by a pianoforte well in tune with it. Many players are not sufficiently particular about this, and the consequence is their instrument suffers unjustly. As Philharmonic pitch is now generally used, the difficulties are slight. Lastly, I am confident that the cultivation of the English concertina would bring refined pleasure to many homes at present without any instrument, and I hope these remarks may induce many to learn it. Apologising for the length of this letter,

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN PRESTON JOHNSON.

Kendal, Westmoreland,

April 15th, 1896.



Accidentals.



THE novelties of the Bristol Festival, which will be held on October 14 to 17, will be a *Requiem* found among Gounod's papers, and since published in London; an organ concerto by Prof. Prout; a symphonic poem by Sir A. C. Mackenzie; a short cantata, *Hymn before Sunrise*, by Mr. Napier Miles; a scena by Mr. Roedel; and an orchestral piece by Mr. Edward German.

It is now announced, that after all M. Colonne is not to appear this summer in London, and his series of orchestral concerts, like those of Herr Nikisch, will be postponed until the autumn.

The Queen's Hall Sunday afternoon performances have been attended with such success that they will be continued weekly until further notice.

There is no truth in the rumour that Mr. Fuller-Maitland means to have one of Mr. Mayer's new patent resonators attached to his harpsichord. A similar suggestion made to Mr. Dolmetsch is said to have caused that gentleman's hair to stand on end.

A memorial window has just been unveiled in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, to the late Sir R. P. Stewart, who was organist of the Cathedral for forty-three years.

Mr. Manns will have a fine choir to conduct at the forthcoming South Wales Festival. More than 1,500 applications to join the choir have been received, but only 1,000 members are required.

An agitation has been on foot in Manchester, to weed out the worn-out voices from Halle's choir.

Past and present members of the Royal Choral Society propose to unite in doing honour to Sir Joseph Barnby by placing his bust in the Albert Hall.

A class has been formed at the Royal College of Music for the composition of ballet music, under the direction of M. G. Jacobi, who, it will be remembered, recently completed his century of ballets. The ballet is certainly looking up.

A Belgian psychologist claims that the vowel one uses in laughter is a key to one's character. Thus, people who laugh in *a*, as in "father," are frank and guileless; in *e*, as in "fête," melancholy; in *i*, as in "machine," naïve, timid, or irresolute; in *o*, generous and hardy; in *u*, miserly and hypocritical. What bursts of laughter—by way of experiment—will follow the reading of this paragraph!

Messrs. Bentley will publish shortly the musical reminiscences of Mr. Kuhe, of Brighton.

Mr. Henschel, Professor Bridge, and Dr. Mann, of Cambridge, are amongst the candidates for the Royal Choral Society conductorship.

Two countrymen at Earl's Court were intently watching a trombone player executing a very difficult and rapid passage.

After gazing open-mouthed for some time, one said to the other : "Wat be the matter wi' 'im, George?" "Dunno ; 'spects he can't get th' thing off."

The jubilee of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is to be celebrated at the Crystal Palace by a performance of the work, on festival scale, on June 27 next, under Mr. Manns' direction.

The conductorship of the Royal Choral Society is reported to be worth £100 per concert, that is to say £1,000 a year. This is good pay, considering that there are rehearsals only on alternate Mondays.

Mr. Jacques, the editor of the *Musical Times*, and Mr. Shedlock, the musical critic of the *Academy*, are going into the provinces with a musically-illustrated lecture on Kuhnau's Bible Sonatas, which were noticed recently in these columns.

The North Wales Section of the I. S. M. intend to petition the University of Wales to proceed with the drawing up of a scheme for conferring degrees in music.

Miss Janotha, in her recent visit to America, was a guest at the White House. Mrs. Cleveland, she says, is young, charming, and beautiful.

❧ New York Better. ❧

THE comparatively short, but withal exceedingly intense musical season of New York life, lasting only six months, is in its ripe fulness ; and soon the soft spring breezes will, in connection with its official capacity of drying up the snow of winter, be serving a like duty to man, in gently but firmly dissipating the innumerable hosts of concerts which the conjunction of "stars" in the immediate neighbourhood of New York shower down upon us. And soon, too soon, will there be left to us the husks only—the complimentary or the benefit concert tendered to Miss Somebody or Mr. So-and-so.

But at this particular time it is hard to believe that such a blessed state is in store—the days and weeks when we shall be released from hearing combinations of harmonious sounds, otherwise known as music.

The German opera has descended upon us, with all its overwhelming Wagnerianism of tone ; and the contrast thus afforded with the preceding season of Italian opera, with its vacuous harmonies and sickly, sentimental melodies, is rather too much for one's musical equilibrium. The most interesting, and therefore the most important, fact, from an American point of view, connected with the German opera, has been the presentation of Walter Damrosch's new opera, *The Scarlet Letter*, adapted from Hawthorne's book of the same name. Our musical educators, the critics of the great city dailies, are all at sea concerning the merits of this new work, and it is to be feared that we must still wait for our first distinctively American opera. One of the critics—Reginald de Koven, a successful composer of operas of the Sullivan style, only of a lower order—complains that the music is too German, and the orchestration over-elaborate ; but we have learned, from the lack of these qualities in Mr. de Koven's own operas, to admire them when found in the operas of other composers. Mr. Damrosch has one most encouraging point in his favour : all the celebrated operas of the present day were, without exception, failures when first presented. If greater the failure, greater the success, has been the rule, surely then. Mr. Damrosch has every encouragement to hope for a most phenomenal success for his opera as time passes on. It is not every composer who possesses his own opera company, to whom he can say, "Sing this," and straightway they proceed to sing his opera.

Should an opera troupe become a necessary adjunct to a composer's outfit in the future, the twentieth century will be most destitute of new operas, and in this respect will differ greatly from the century just closing, with its fungus growth of mushroom operas.

It is a question if an orchestral conductor can write an original composition—opera, symphony, etc.—let the work be what it may. The constant interpretation of the works of other composers must certainly absorb any originality which he may possess, and any work emanating from his pen could be nothing more than a composite musical photograph of the music of the great masters.

The German soloists have been well received by the public. Alvary comes back to us better than ever as "Siegfried," while Frau Klafsky as "Brünnhilde" has won her way into the heart of the opera-goers. On the opening night *Fidelio* was given, and the selection of this opera can only be accounted for on the ground

that Mr. Damrosch was desirous of introducing his company with a most stately and conservative bow, and for this purpose stiff and sleepy *Fidelio* was chosen. Certainly Beethoven was only human after all, and had his limitations.

And the opera was his limit, and in fact all vocal writing was more of a weak point with him than a strong point. If, as has been asserted, Beethoven could write for the human voice, his works do not always give evidence of that fact. Take, for instance, his choral writing and compare it with the choruses of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Handel, and Mendelssohn, and it will be found to bear no comparison with the writings of these men in all those traits which constitute perfect four-part writing. A master of the orchestra as Beethoven was, still his chorus-writing gives evidence of weakness, considered vocally, which one would not expect to find in a musician of such contrapuntal ingenuity as he possessed.

The fifth concert of the Philharmonic Society, on March 7, gave Schubert's great C major Symphony, a new overture "From the Scottish Highlands," by Frederic Lamond, an English composer, and Bach's third concerto arranged for strings as the orchestral numbers on the programme. Mr. Rivarde, violinist, gave Bruch's second concerto, and for an encore played Bach's "Chaconne." The rendering of the Schubert number was the best work of the entire concert. The new overture was well given by the orchestra. In this composition the composer attempts that most difficult feat of all—a brilliant orchestration ; which so often results in making an otherwise meritorious work merely a piece of noisy and demonstrative clap-trap.

The programme of the Symphony Society concert, February 29, consisted of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, Brahms' pious Concerto in B flat, and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Jasso." Rafael Joseffy was the soloist, his first public appearance since his retirement a number of years ago. He has gained in breadth and feeling in these years of silence, and his rendering of the Brahms number, a composition somewhat unattractive to those not familiar with its peculiar and lovely beauty, but a very mine of pleasure to those who are intimately acquainted with all its attractions, left nothing to be desired by the Brahms enthusiasts—and their name is legion—now in New York, thanks to the continued efforts of a number of leading musicians to make his music understood.

No one will deny that, compared to Paderewski, Joseffy lacks hair. But in deep feeling, technique, and the spirit of a true artist, Rafael Joseffy is not lacking, even when compared to Paderewski or any of the other foremost pianists of the day.

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Correspondence.



A PLEA FOR THE CONCERTINA.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to see in your last issue the advocating of the claims of the English concertina, a musical instrument which has no doubt a great and bright future before it.

This charming and legitimate concert and drawing-room instrument must not be confounded with that vulgar toy imitation—the German Concertina, from which no good music can be produced.

Many persons, unfortunately, are not aware of the great difference between the two, and are quite ignorant of the remarkable capabilities of the English instrument. When used in association with the voice, harp, violoncello, violin, pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, etc., in solos, duets, trios, quartets of the best music of the classical masters, the result is most delightful. Musical amateurs might, with profit, consider its claims as an instrument worthy of their attention, as there is no doubt that during the next few years musicians will more and more recognise and appreciate its true and unique value, which, from prejudice and ignorance, has not been possible in the past.

The English concertina used to be a very fashionable instrument in London and elsewhere when Signor Regondi was living, and is now becoming still more popular, thanks to Messrs. Lachenal's splendid instruments; and especially their latest "Edeophone model," which answers all requirements for concert work when fitted with Signor Alsepi's new invention—the patent bowing valves. Alsepi deserves the best thanks of all English concertina players for this invention, and also his other labours on behalf of the instrument.

I see Alsepi's new method has just been published by Messrs. Lachenal. As this method teaches the correct use of the valves, I need not say more on this point.

There are still many people who have the English Edeophone model concertina, and many who profess to play have not studied it carefully and sufficiently, and therefore have not represented its remarkable capabilities in the most favourable light.

We must hope these will commence to do better, as to acquire facility and be able to produce the pleasing tone and variety of effect required to meet the approval of musicians, certainly needs practice. I refer your readers to Sir George Grove's remarks on the Concertina in his *Dictionary of Music*.

Much good original music has been composed for this instrument, including two Concertos by Regondi, two by Molique, one by F. Bosen, and many Fantasias and Solos by Richard Blagrove, John C. Ward, Geo. Case, Henry and Geo. Roe, Sir G. Macfarren, Sir Julius Benedict, Elizabeth Mounsey (Mrs. Mounsey-Bartholomew), Madame Sidney Pratten, Joseph Warren, and several others; so that there is room for ample choice. Violin and Flute music is also available; and if special instruments are made, organ music; and many of the Preludes and Fugues of J. S. Bach, Mendelssohn, Smart, S. Wesley, etc., may be effectively rendered upon it. This will, at any rate, be sufficient to show that the sphere of selection is large.

As regards instruments, I prefer, personally, Messrs. Lachenal's charming concertinas to those of any other maker, and think them best adapted for all kinds of home or concert work. This is quite an unprejudiced and disinterested opinion.

No instrument, except the violin, excels the English concertina in capacity of expression. As a *solo* instrument it is heard to best advantage when accompanied by a pianoforte well in tune with it. Many players are not sufficiently particular about this, and the consequence is their instrument suffers unjustly. As Philharmonic pitch is now generally used, the difficulties are slight. Lastly, I am confident that the cultivation of the English concertina would bring refined pleasure to many homes at present without any instrument, and I hope these remarks may induce many to learn it. Apologising for the length of this letter,

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN PRESTON JOHNSON.

Kendal, Westmoreland,

April 15th, 1896.



Accidentals.



THE novelties of the Bristol Festival, which will be held on October 14 to 17, will be a *Requiem* found among Gounod's papers, and since published in London; an organ concerto by Prof. Prout; a symphonic poem by Sir A. C. Mackenzie; a short cantata, *Hymn before Sunrise*, by Mr. Napier Miles; a scena by Mr. Roedel; and an orchestral piece by Mr. Edward German.

It is now announced, that after all M. Colonne is not to appear this summer in London, and his series of orchestral concerts, like those of Herr Nikisch, will be postponed until the autumn.

The Queen's Hall Sunday afternoon performances have been attended with such success that they will be continued weekly until further notice.

There is no truth in the rumour that Mr. Fuller-Maitland means to have one of Mr. Mayer's new patent resonators attached to his harpsichord. A similar suggestion made to Mr. Dolmetsch is said to have caused that gentleman's hair to stand on end.

A memorial window has just been unveiled in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, to the late Sir R. P. Stewart, who was organist of the Cathedral for forty-three years.

Mr. Manns will have a fine choir to conduct at the forthcoming South Wales Festival. More than 1,500 applications to join the choir have been received, but only 1,000 members are required.

An agitation has been on foot in Manchester, to weed out the worn-out voices from Halle's choir.

Past and present members of the Royal Choral Society propose to unite in doing honour to Sir Joseph Barnby by placing his bust in the Albert Hall.

A class has been formed at the Royal College of Music for the composition of ballet music, under the direction of M. G. Jacobi, who, it will be remembered, recently completed his century of ballets. The ballet is certainly looking up.

A Belgian psychologist claims that the vowel one uses in laughter is a key to one's character. Thus, people who laugh in *a*, as in "father," are frank and guileless; in *e*, as in "fête," melancholy; in *i*, as in "machine," naive, timid, or irresolute; in *o*, generous and hardy; in *u*, miserly and hypocritical. What bursts of laughter—by way of experiment—will follow the reading of this paragraph!

Messrs. Bentley will publish shortly the musical reminiscences of Mr. Kuhe, of Brighton.

Mr. Henschel, Professor Bridge, and Dr. Mann, of Cambridge, are amongst the candidates for the Royal Choral Society conductorship.

Two countrymen at Earl's Court were intently watching a trombone player executing a very difficult and rapid passage.

After gazing open-mouthed for some time, one said to the other: "Wat be the matter wi' 'im, George?" "Dunno; 'spects he cain't get th' thing off."

The jubilee of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is to be celebrated at the Crystal Palace by a performance of the work, on festival scale, on June 27 next, under Mr. Manns' direction.

The conductorship of the Royal Choral Society is reported to be worth £100 per concert, that is to say £1,000 a year. This is good pay, considering that there are rehearsals only on alternate Mondays.

Mr. Jacques, the editor of the *Musical Times*, and Mr. Shedlock, the musical critic of the *Academy*, are going into the provinces with a musically-illustrated lecture on Kuhnau's Bible Sonatas, which were noticed recently in these columns.

The North Wales Section of the I. S. M. intend to petition the University of Wales to proceed with the drawing up of a scheme for conferring degrees in music.

Miss Janotha, in her recent visit to America, was a guest at the White House. Mrs. Cleveland, she says, is young, charming, and beautiful.



New York Letter.



THE comparatively short, but withal exceedingly intense musical season of New York life, lasting only six months, is in its ripe fulness; and soon the soft spring breezes will, in connection with its official capacity of drying up the snow of winter, be serving a like duty to man, in gently but firmly dissipating the innumerable hosts of concerts which the conjunction of "stars" in the immediate neighbourhood of New York shower down upon us. And soon, too soon, will there be left to us the husks only—the complimentary or the benefit concert tendered to Miss Somebody or Mr. So-and-so.

But at this particular time it is hard to believe that such a blessed state is in store—the days and weeks when we shall be released from hearing combinations of harmonious sounds, otherwise known as music.

The German opera has descended upon us, with all its overwhelming Wagnerianism of tone; and the contrast thus afforded with the preceding season of Italian opera, with its vacuous harmonies and sickly, sentimental melodies, is rather too much for one's musical equilibrium. The most interesting, and therefore the most important, fact, from an American point of view, connected with the German opera, has been the presentation of Walter Damrosch's new opera, *The Scarlet Letter*, adapted from Hawthorne's book of the same name. Our musical educators, the critics of the great city dailies, are all at sea concerning the merits of this new work, and it is to be feared that we must still wait for our first distinctively American opera. One of the critics—Reginald de Koven, a successful composer of operas of the Sullivan style, only of a lower order—complains that the music is too German, and the orchestration over-elaborate; but we have learned, from the lack of these qualities in Mr. de Koven's own operas, to admire them when found in the operas of other composers. Mr. Damrosch has one most encouraging point in his favour: all the celebrated operas of the present day were, without exception, failures when first presented. If greater the failure, greater the success, has been the rule, surely then Mr. Damrosch has every encouragement to hope for a most phenomenal success for his opera as time passes on. It is not every composer who possesses his own opera company, to whom he can say, "Sing this," and straightway they proceed to sing his opera.

Should an opera troupe become a necessary adjunct to a composer's outfit in the future, the twentieth century will be most destitute of new operas, and in this respect will differ greatly from the century just closing, with its fungus growth of mushroom operas.

It is a question if an orchestral conductor can write an original composition—opera, symphony, etc.—let the work be what it may. The constant interpretation of the works of other composers must certainly absorb any originality which he may possess, and any work emanating from his pen could be nothing more than a composite musical photograph of the music of the great masters.

The German soloists have been well received by the public. Alvary comes back to us better than ever as "Siegfried," while Frau Klafsky as "Brünnhilde" has won her way into the heart of the opera-goers. On the opening night *Fidelio* was given, and the selection of this opera can only be accounted for on the ground

that Mr. Damrosch was desirous of introducing his company with a most stately and conservative bow, and for this purpose stiff and sleepy *Fidelio* was chosen. Certainly Beethoven was only human after all, and had his limitations.

And the opera was his limit, and in fact all vocal writing was more of a weak point with him than a strong point. If, as has been asserted, Beethoven could write for the human voice, his works do not always give evidence of that fact. Take, for instance, his choral writing and compare it with the choruses of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Handel, and Mendelssohn, and it will be found to bear no comparison with the writings of these men in all those traits which constitute perfect four-part writing. A master of the orchestra as Beethoven was, still his chorus-writing gives evidence of weakness, considered vocally, which one would not expect to find in a musician of such contrapuntal ingenuity as he possessed.

The fifth concert of the Philharmonic Society, on March 7, gave Schubert's great C major Symphony, a new overture "From the Scottish Highlands," by Frederic Lamond, an English composer, and Bach's third concerto arranged for strings as the orchestral numbers on the programme. Mr. Rivarde, violinist, gave Bruch's second concerto, and for an encore played Bach's "Chaconne." The rendering of the Schubert number was the best work of the entire concert. The new overture was well given by the orchestra. In this composition the composer attempts that most difficult feat of all—a brilliant orchestration, which so often results in making an otherwise meritorious work merely a piece of noisy and demonstrative clap-trap.

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conduct has grated on you more than any harmonic discord could possibly do.

At the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Society, February 27, Lillian Blauvelt and Franz Kneisel were the soloists. The orchestra played Zoellner's "Midnight at Sedan," a rondo of Richard Strauss' and Brahms' E minor Symphony. Miss Blauvelt sang "With Verdure Clad" from the *Creation*, and Mr. Kneisel played two movements from a violin concerto in A minor by Viotte.

Mr. Pauer has certainly a fine body of musicians under the control of his bâton, and that he is a most excellent conductor was more than exemplified in his interpretation of the Brahms symphony. If we were a conductor, we would pose as a Brahms interpreter—there is a rich field for a leader to gain laurels of fame, incidentally, and a still larger field to gain great pleasure and artistic delight from the works of this great master of modern music. He is to the piano what Wagner was to the orchestra. In his symphonies he combines all the learning of Beethoven with all the wealth of harmony and orchestral effect which belonged to Wagner. And when Brahms has been dead twenty-five years or more, then the world will begin to realize that he was a great musician.

Haydn's *The Seasons* was the work performed at the third concert of the Oratorio Society, March 14, Mr. Frank Damrosch taking the bâton in place of his brother Walter. We do not know the kind of climate that Haydn lived in, yet we do know that the climate of New York offers far greater contrast than the music of the *Seasons*. The contrast between Summer and Winter in the *Seasons* is, musically speaking, hardly noticeable. No such criticism can be made against Summer and Winter in New York. Each season is very much in evidence when it is with us.

The Musical Art Society was organized for the purpose of giving a hearing to the old composers, especially those of church music. On March 19 the second concert of the season was given, when a number of compositions by Palestrina pertaining to Holy Week formed the principal numbers on the programme. To give full impressiveness to the music, the Society was assisted by a priest and an organist from the Church of St. Francis Xavier to sing the chants and play the preludes and interludes respectively, with which the composition abounds, in connection with the choruses. The musical tone of any city would be elevated were the opportunity given to hear, more frequently, these marvellous and majestic compositions of Palestrina.

INSLOW.

The Academies.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

THE first Students' Invitation Concert is fixed for Tuesday, May 5, at four o'clock.

Miss Mabel Phillips (Benedict Exhibitioner), and Miss Suzanne Stokvis (Henry Smart Scholar) gave a pianoforte recital on Tuesday, April 28.

Miss Annie Parsons (Student) will give a historical pianoforte recital on Tuesday, May 19, at half-past three o'clock.

An orchestral concert will be given at the Queen's Hall, on Monday evening, June 8, at eight o'clock.

The Warden will continue his lectures on Tuesday afternoons, at five o'clock, commencing on Tuesday, April 28, on "Form," with musical illustrations, chiefly from the works selected for the higher examinations; alternated with lectures on "Orchestration," and other musical subjects.

The students of Trinity College will give a concert, by request, at the People's Palace, Mile End Road, on Wednesday evening, June 17.

The attention of past and present students, and the public generally, is called to the fact that June 1 is the last day of entry for the College Scholarships and Exhibitions, particulars of which may be had on application to the secretary.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The following council exhibitions were awarded by the examiners at the conclusion of the Annual and Terminal Examinations on Saturday, March 28:—Gertrude Lester (violin), Morfydd Williams (singing), and Margaret Wishart (violin), each £15; and £10 to Agnes H. G. Bailey (violin). The Charlotte Holmes Exhibition of £15 was awarded to Rebecca B. Harvey (piano); the Challen Gold Medal for pianoforte playing to Evelyn G. King; the Council Prize for organ extemporizing to James C. Ridgway; and the Lesley Alexander Prize of £10 for composition to S. Coleridge Taylor. The Kent Scholarship was awarded to Emma E. Atherden (singing), and the Liverpool Scholarship to Luna Zagury (singing), for one year.

LONDON ORGAN SCHOOL.

On Saturday, April 18, Miss A. Vincent Watson, assisted by Messrs. Percy Bright, and Edward Conder, vocalists, and Mr. Isidore Schwiller, violinist, gave a very interesting organ recital. The programme consisted of the following:

Sonata	"No. 3, in A"	Mendelssohn
		Con moto maestoso.		
		Andante tranquillo.		
Song	...	"If with all your Heart" (Elijah)	...	Mendelssohn
		Mr. Percy Bright.		
Toccata and Fugue in C	J. S. Bach
		Toccata.		
		Adagio.		
		Fugue.		

Violin Solo	...	"Adagio E major"	...	Gustav Merkel
		Mr. J. Schwiller.		
Song	...	"It is Enough" (Elijah)	...	Mendelssohn
		Mr. Edward Conder.		
Canzona in B flat	Wolstenholme
Grand Chœur in D	Guilmant

LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A Dramatic Recital was given on Saturday, March 28, by Miss Pauline Barrett, assisted by the vocalist, Mr. Andrew Black. The recitations given by Miss Barrett were—"The Rape of the Lock," by Alexander Pope; "Potion scene from 'Romeo and Juliet'"; "The Story of the Priest Philemon" (with music accompanied by the composer, Mr. A. J. Caldicott), by Marie Corelli; "The Examiner's Dream," by A. Calder; "The Demon Ship" (T. Hood); and Recitation Scene from "The Taming of the Shrew" (Act IV., scene III.), Shakespeare. The songs were—"Near Thee," by Raff; and "The Old Head of Kinsale," by F. Moir.

A Students' Concert was given in the Lecture Hall of the College, on Monday, March 30, at which Miss Alice Avern, Miss Herring, Miss A. Partington, and Miss K. Liddall, gave pianoforte solos; Miss F. Snell, Miss Newbry, Miss Florence Sheppard, Mr. Arthur P. Keates, Mr. Percy Hodde, and Mr. Arthur J. Hamill, contributed songs; and guitar solos were given by Mr. Ernest Shand.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Competitions for the Llewelyn Thomas and Evill Prizes took place on March 14. The former prize was awarded to Ethel Newcombe, and the latter to Gwilym Richards. The examiners—Mr. Lloyd Chandos, Mr. Herbert Thorndike, and Mdme. Annie Marriott—highly commended May John, S. A. Gomersall, and W. Leetham-Reynolds.

The Competition for the Potter Exhibition took place on Wednesday, March 18. The prize was awarded to R. Neville Flux. The examiners were Messrs. Henry R. Evers, Tobias A. Matthay, Arthur O'Leary, Frederick Westlake, and Walter Macfarren (chairman).

The Competition for the Louisa Hopkins' Memorial Prize took place on March 23. The examiners were Miss Amy Hare, Harvey Löhr, and Mdme. Ilona Eibenschütz. The prize was awarded to Gertrude Peppercorn.

The Competition for the Robert Cocks & Co.'s Prize took place on March 19. The prize was awarded to Charles H. W. Hickin, the examiners being Messrs. Waddington Cooke, Gustav Ernest, and E. H. Thorne (chairman).

The Norman Salmond Prize Competition for Yorkshire students only took place on March 30. The prize was awarded to Miss Sarah A. Gomersall by Miss Hilda Wilson (examiner).

On Thursday, April 2, the Competition for the Sterndale Bennett Prize took place, the winner being Miss Lily West, and the examiners, Mrs. M. Isabel Ley, Mr. Albert Fox, and Mr. H. R. Bird (chairman).

The Knight of the Hobby-Horse.

SCHUMANN.

The musical score is written for piano and features a melody in the right hand and a complex accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score consists of seven measures. The first measure begins with a melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand, marked *mf*. The second measure continues the melody and accompaniment. The third measure shows a change in the melody and accompaniment, with the left hand playing a more active role. The fourth measure continues the pattern. The fifth measure shows a change in the melody and accompaniment, with the left hand playing a more active role. The sixth measure continues the pattern. The seventh measure ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained chord in the left hand, marked *ff*.

The Poet Speaks.

SCHUMANN.

p

pp

p

rit.

pp

p

ritard.

p

pp

ri - tar - dan - do

pp

ri - tar - dan - do

cadenza

TRIO.

p stacc.

FINALE.

ff





Chant du Berger.

IDYLLE.

(Op. 23.)

SCHULOFF.

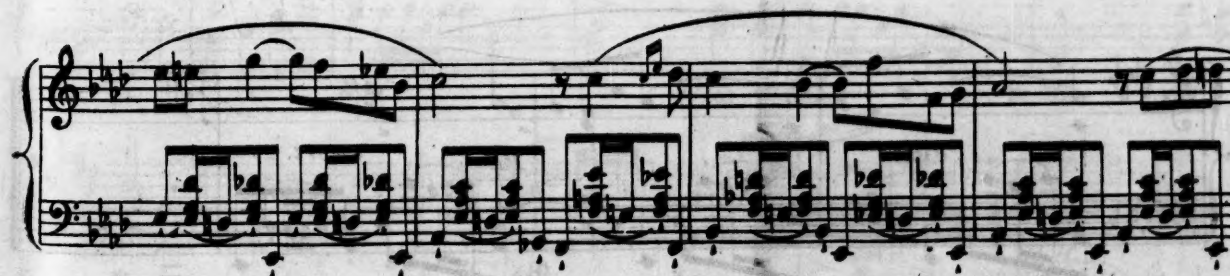
PIANO.

Allegretto.

cantando.

p un poco marcato l'accompagnamento.

p dolce senza rall.







"Sleepers, wake! a voice is calling."

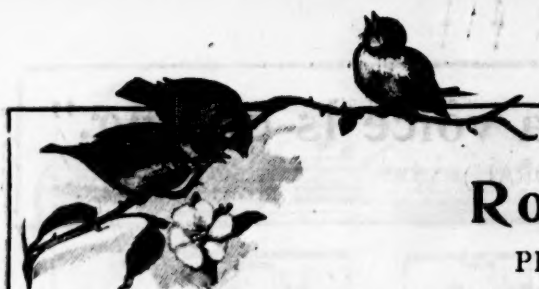
(From the Oratorio "St. Paul.")

(CHORAL.)

MENDELSSOHN.

Con moto. (♩ = 69.)

17.



Romance.

PIANOFORTE.

HENSELT.

Andante
con moto.

p *pp legato sempre.*

ff *dimin.*

f *dim.* *p* *cres.*

dim. *p* *pp*



Romance.

HARMONIUM.

HENSELT.

Andante
con moto.

2 0

p *espressivo.*

S **

8

8

cres. *ff* *p*

8

dimin. *f dim.* *p*

⊕

8

cres. *dim.* *p* *ppp*



Ouverture Idomeneo.

VIOLINE.

FÜR PIANO UND VIOLINE.

MOZART.



Allegro.

Violin part of the Overture Idomeneo by Mozart, marked Allegro. The score consists of eight staves of music in D major (two sharps). The first staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second staff includes fingerings 1 through 5 and dynamic markings of piano (*p*), forte (*f*), and piano (*p*). The third staff features alternating forte (*f*) and piano (*p*) dynamics. The fourth staff includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking. The fifth and sixth staves contain rapid sixteenth-note passages, both starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The seventh staff shows a melodic line with slurs and accents. The eighth staff concludes with a series of sixteenth-note runs and a final melodic phrase.

A handwritten musical score on ten staves, likely for a piano. The music is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings. The score is organized into measures, with some measures containing multiple notes or rests. The handwriting is clear and legible. The page number 357 is visible at the bottom center.

Dynamic markings include *p* (piano), *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), and *cresc. p* (crescendo piano). There are also markings for *tr* (trill) and *tr* (trill) in some measures. The score includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings.

A handwritten musical score on ten staves, likely for a piano or organ. The music is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The notation includes various rhythmic values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Dynamic markings are present throughout, including *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *cresc.* (crescendo), *fz* (forzando), *fz dim.* (forzando diminuendo), and *mp* (mezzo-piano). The score features several passages of rapid sixteenth-note runs, particularly in the middle staves. The handwriting is clear and professional, typical of a composer's manuscript.



Ouverture Idomeneo.

PIANO.

MOZART.



Allegro.

Arrangement von Fr. Hermann.

VIOLINO.

PIANO.

This page contains a handwritten musical score, likely for a piano and voice. It is organized into six systems, each consisting of a piano accompaniment staff (treble and bass clef) and a vocal staff (treble clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like *p* (piano) and *tr* (trill). The handwriting is in dark ink on aged paper.

This page contains a handwritten musical score for piano, organized into six systems. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score shows a progression of musical ideas, with some systems featuring more complex rhythmic patterns and others being more melodic. Dynamic markings include *fz*, *p*, *cresc.*, and *ff*. The handwriting is clear and legible, typical of a composer's manuscript.

This page of a handwritten musical score, numbered 362 at the bottom, contains eight systems of music. Each system consists of a piano (piano) staff and a violin (violin) staff, both in treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *cresc.* (crescendo). Articulation is indicated by accents (*acc.*) and slurs. The score shows a complex interplay between the piano and violin parts, with the piano often providing a harmonic or rhythmic foundation for the violin's melodic lines. The handwriting is clear and professional, typical of a composer's or arranger's manuscript.

This page contains a handwritten musical score, likely for a piano and violin duo. It consists of six systems, each with a piano (piano) staff and a violin staff. The notation is in a historical style, featuring various musical symbols, clefs, and dynamics. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes a variety of musical elements such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and slurs. Dynamics like *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), and *dim.* (diminuendo) are used throughout. There are also some markings that appear to be *tr* (trill) and *acc.* (accents). The handwriting is elegant and typical of 18th or 19th-century musical manuscripts.

Sonate.

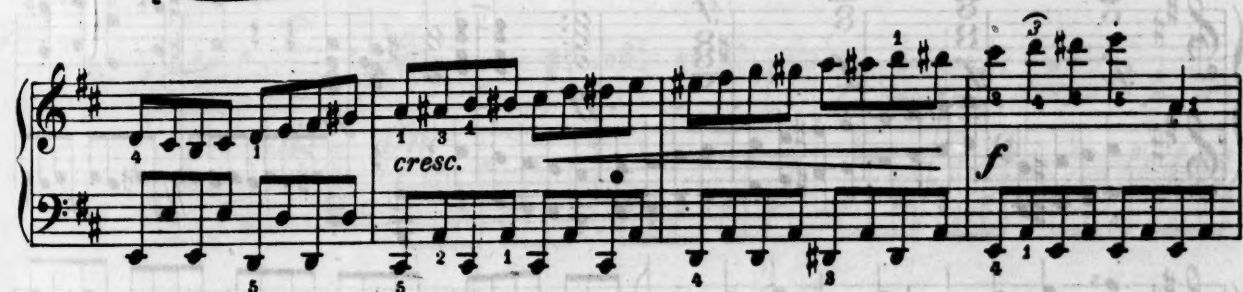
(Op. 10. No. 3.)

BEETHOVEN.

Dem Fürsten Carl von Lichnowsky gewidmet.

Presto. (♩=144-152)

The musical score is written for piano and violin. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Presto' with a metronome indication of 144-152 quarter notes per minute. The score is divided into six systems. The first system shows the piano part with a piano (p) dynamic and the violin part with a forte (f) dynamic. The second system continues the piano part with a crescendo (cresc.) marking. The third system shows the piano part with a piano (p) dynamic. The fourth system shows the piano part with a piano (p) dynamic. The fifth system shows the piano part with a piano (p) dynamic. The sixth system shows the piano part with a piano (p) dynamic. The score is framed by a decorative border.



First system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves. The music includes dynamic markings *p* and *pp*, and articulation marks such as slurs and accents.

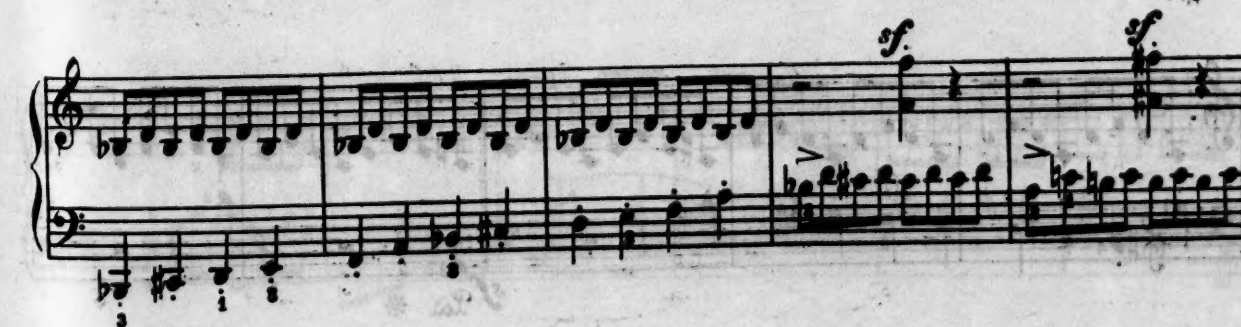
Second system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves. The music includes a *cresc.* marking and various articulation marks.

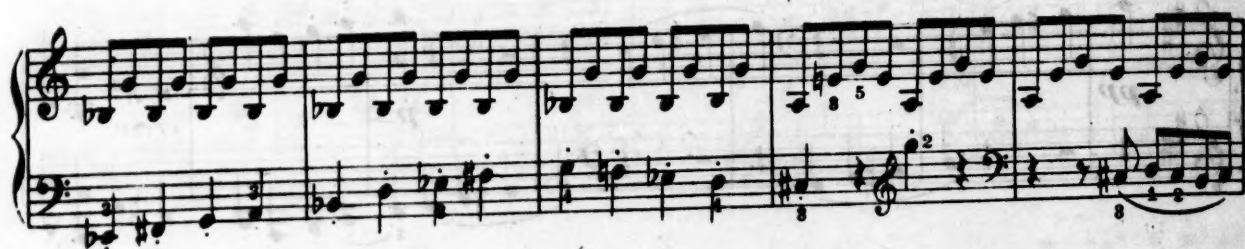
Third system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves. The music includes dynamic markings *sf* and *sfz*, and a *cresc.* marking.

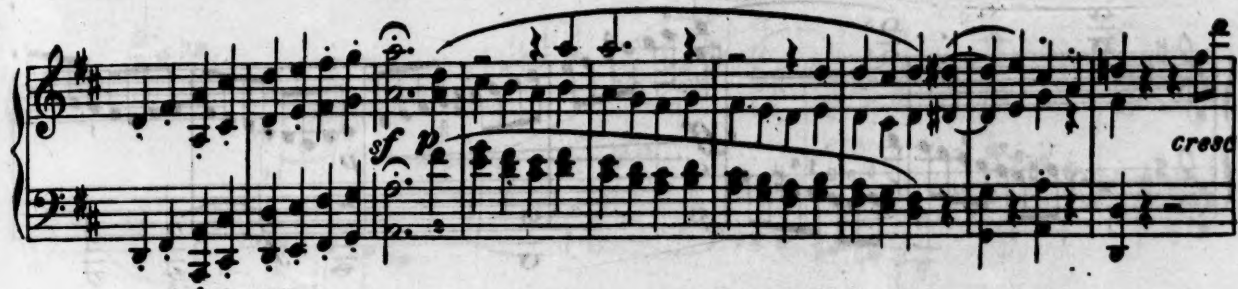
Fourth system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves. The music includes dynamic markings *sf* and *ff*, and articulation marks.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves. The music includes a *cresc.* marking and a *fp* marking.

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves. The music includes a *pp* marking and a *oder:* marking above the treble staff.







Handwritten musical score system 1. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff features a melodic line with triplets and slurs, marked with a *f* (forte) dynamic. Bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment. A *cresc.* (crescendo) marking is present in the treble staff.

Handwritten musical score system 2. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic. Bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment. A *p* (piano) dynamic marking is present in the bass staff.

Handwritten musical score system 3. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. Bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment. A *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking is present in the bass staff.

Handwritten musical score system 4. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. Bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment.

Handwritten musical score system 5. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. Bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment.

Handwritten musical score system 6. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. Bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment. A *cresc.* (crescendo) marking is present in the bass staff.



sempre *pp*



pp poco *cresc.*



f *cresc. sf*



sf *f* *fp* *cresc.*



p. *cresc.*



ff *f*



Largo e mesto. (♩=60)

This page contains six systems of musical notation for a piano piece. The notation is written for both the right and left hands on grand staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo and mood are indicated as "Largo e mesto" with a metronome marking of 60 quarter notes per minute (♩=60). The music features a variety of dynamics, including *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), *sf* (sforzando), *f* (forte), and *ff* (fortissimo). Articulations such as *cresc.* (crescendo), *decresc.* (decrescendo), and *dolce* (softly) are used throughout. The notation includes many slurs, ties, and fingerings, suggesting a complex and expressive performance. The piece concludes with a final *ff* dynamic marking.

This page of musical notation is for a piano piece, consisting of six systems of staves. The notation is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The dynamics and articulations are as follows:

- System 1:** Starts with *sf* (sforzando) in the bass staff, followed by *fz* (forzando), *fz*, *fz*, *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo) with a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking.
- System 2:** Features *sf* in the bass staff, followed by *cresc.* and *f* in the treble staff, and *p* in the bass staff.
- System 3:** Includes *p* in the bass staff, followed by *rf* (ritardando forzando) in the treble staff.
- System 4:** Starts with *cresc.* in the bass staff, followed by *f* in the treble staff.
- System 5:** Includes *ff* (fortissimo) in the bass staff, followed by *ff* in the treble staff.
- System 6:** Ends with *fp* (forzando piano) in the bass staff, followed by *fp* in the treble staff.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melodic line with slurs and ties. The bass staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *smorzando* (diminuendo), *pp* (pianissimo), and *decresc.* (decrescendo).

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

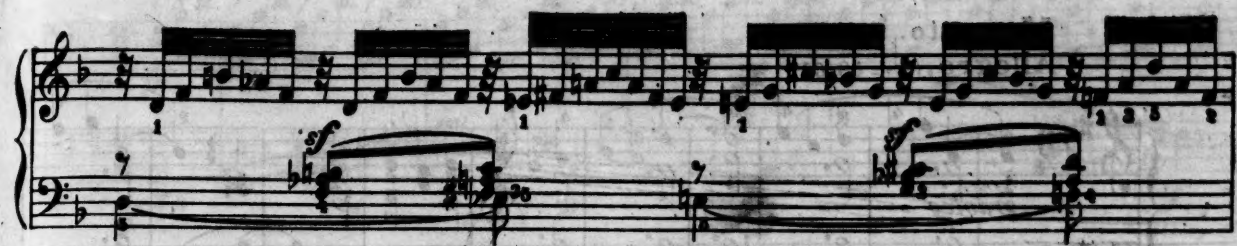
Third system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *decresc.*, *pp*, and *cresc.*

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with slurs. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *fp* (forzando) and *cresc.*

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with slurs. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *p*.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with slurs. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

This page of musical notation consists of six systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a supporting line, both marked with *ff* (fortissimo). The second system shows a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a supporting line, both marked with *pp* (pianissimo). The third system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a supporting line, both marked with *cresc.* (crescendo). The fourth system shows a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a supporting line, both marked with *f* (forte). The fifth system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a supporting line, both marked with *f* (forte). The sixth system shows a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a supporting line, both marked with *sempre più f* (sempre più forte). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a supporting line, both marked with *ff* (fortissimo). The second system shows a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a supporting line, both marked with *pp* (pianissimo). The third system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a supporting line, both marked with *cresc.* (crescendo). The fourth system shows a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a supporting line, both marked with *f* (forte). The fifth system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a supporting line, both marked with *f* (forte). The sixth system shows a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a supporting line, both marked with *sempre più f* (sempre più forte).



Mennetto.
Allegro. (♩. = 58-63)

p dolce

sf

p

sf

p

cresc.

pp

pp

Trio.

The musical score is written for piano and features six systems of music. Each system consists of a grand staff with a bass clef on the left and a treble clef on the right. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes various dynamics: *p* (piano), *f* (forte), and *cresc.* (crescendo). The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the bass and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the treble. The second system continues with piano (*p*) in the bass and forte (*f*) in the treble. The third system features a crescendo (*cresc.*) in the bass and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the treble. The fourth system starts with piano (*p*) in the bass and forte (*f*) in the treble. The fifth system continues with piano (*p*) in the bass and forte (*f*) in the treble. The sixth system features a crescendo (*cresc.*) in the bass and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the treble. The score concludes with the instruction "Men. D. C. ma senza replica." in the bottom right corner.

Rondo.
Allegro. (♩ = 144)

This musical score is for a Rondo in Allegro tempo, with a metronome marking of 144 quarter notes per minute. The piece is written for piano and features a variety of musical notations and dynamics. The score is organized into six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The dynamics range from *pp* (pianissimo) to *ff* (fortissimo). The score includes numerous musical notations such as slurs, ties, and fingerings. The first system begins with a *p* dynamic and a *cresc.* marking. The second system features a *cresc.* marking and a *ff* dynamic. The third system includes a *cresc.* marking and a *f* dynamic. The fourth system features a *cresc.* marking and a *f* dynamic. The fifth system includes a *cresc.* marking and a *f* dynamic. The sixth system features a *cresc.* marking and a *f* dynamic. The score concludes with a *p* dynamic and a *cresc.* marking.

Handwritten musical score, first system. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many accidentals. The bass staff has a few notes. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *ff*.

Handwritten musical score, second system. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff has a few notes. Dynamics include *cresc.*, *f*, *p*, and *cresc.*.

Handwritten musical score, third system. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff has a few notes. Dynamics include *ff* and *f*.

Handwritten musical score, fourth system. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff has a few notes. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

Handwritten musical score, fifth system. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff has a few notes. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

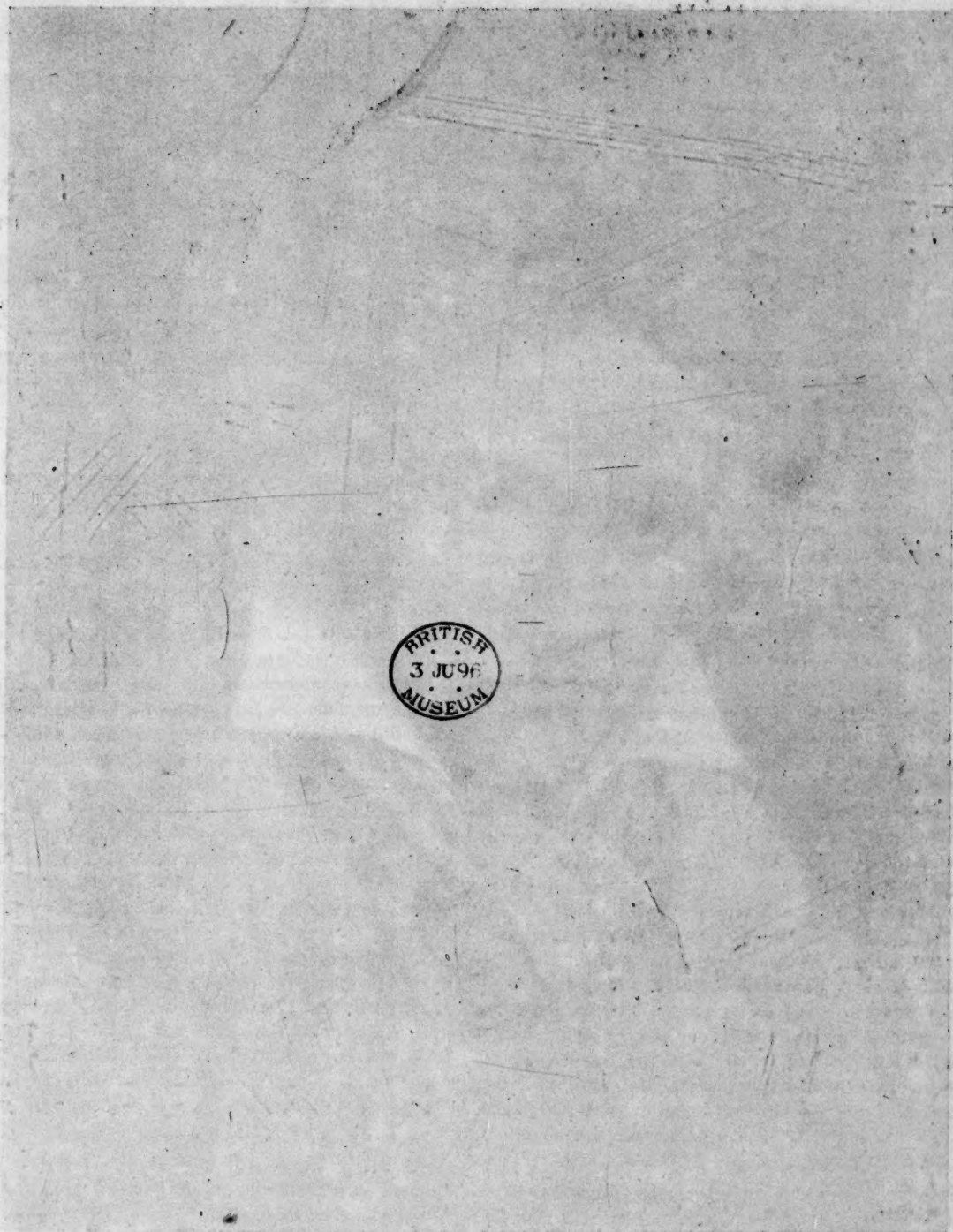
Handwritten musical score, sixth system. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff has a few notes. Dynamics include *decresc.*, *p*, and *pp*.

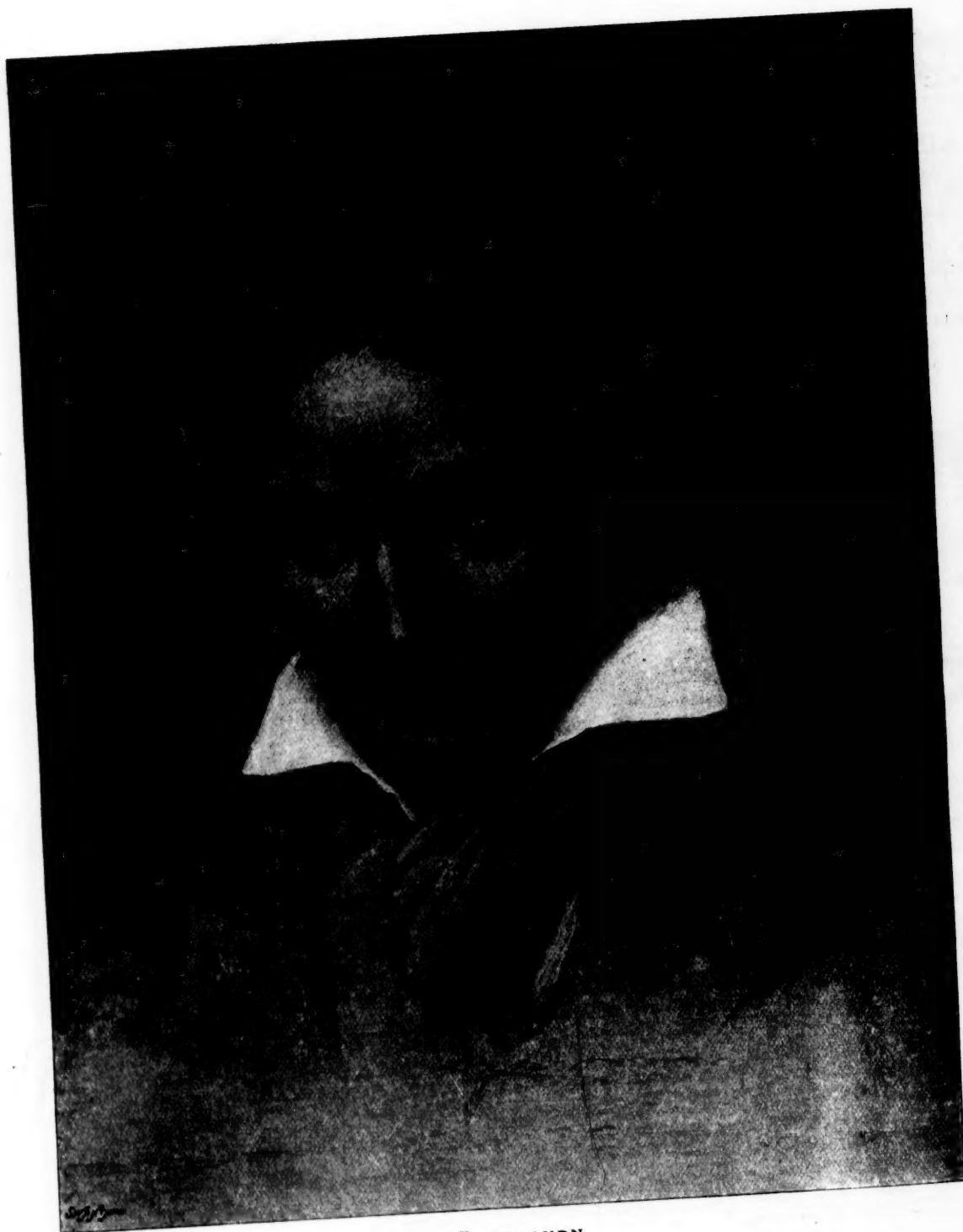


This image shows a page of handwritten musical notation, likely a score for a piano piece. The notation is written on ten staves, arranged in five pairs. Each pair consists of a treble and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a key with two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The notation is highly detailed, with numerous fingerings indicated by numbers 1-5 above or below notes. Dynamic markings such as *pp* (pianissimo), *fp* (fortissimo), *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *cresc.* (crescendo) are used throughout. The handwriting is elegant and characteristic of 19th-century musical notation. The page is numbered '1' in the bottom right corner.

This page contains a handwritten musical score for piano, organized into six systems of staves. The notation is complex, featuring numerous slurs, ties, and dynamic markings. The first system includes a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The second system continues the piece with similar notation. The third system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a more rhythmic accompaniment, marked with *pp* (pianissimo). The fourth system shows a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a more rhythmic accompaniment, marked with *fp* (fortissimo). The fifth system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a more rhythmic accompaniment, marked with *sempre p* (sempre piano). The sixth system concludes the piece with a treble and bass staff, marked with *sempre p* and ending with a double bar line.

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BEETHOVEN.

From an original drawing by J. H. SCHULZ CURTIUS, Senr.

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